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JANUARY

1924

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RA-NOK OUTWITS THE WOLVES



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

189 Lexington Avenue

New York City

THE AMERICAN GIRL

A magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls who love Scouting

HELEN FERRIS, Editor

Published at 189 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

ALICE WALLER, Business Manager

Vol. VII

January, 1924

No. 1



This is Helen Wilson, of Bethlehem Star Troop, Troy, Missouri. She won first prize in our "What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine" Contest

Helen Wilson Asked for

*Stories of thrilling adventure, stories of America's famous women,
Scout news, Hikes*

In one issue alone, February, 1924, she (and you) will find
1. Thrilling adventure: The Flight of the Brown Bird, by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe ("Brown Bird"—the Indian name given to a quick witted girl of colonial times).
2. America's Famous Women: Kate Douglas Wiggin on "The Girl Scout" (first published in a newspaper, this charming article has recently been sent to the Girl Scout Headquarters).
3. Hikes: A Dayton, Ohio Girl Scout Hike to a U. S. Aviation Field where Lt. John Macready, who flew across our country, told them the story of his flight. Do you not think Helen (and you) will be pleased with our February issue?

And soon you will have a story by

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

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Published monthly by Girl Scouts, Inc., at National Headquarters, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Price, 15 cents the copy. Subscription, \$1.50 per year, Canadian postage 25 cents and foreign 50 cents extra. Entered as second-class matter August 11, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

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Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

By ROBERT FROST

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

The little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

From New Hampshire: a book of poems

Ra-nok Outwits the Wolves

*The story of an Eskimo
girl who braved win-
ter's dangers in time
of need*

By WILLIAM
MACMILLAN

Linoleum Cuts by
NANCY COCHRAN



*As the wolves drew closer, Ra-nok knew that a fire was the only sure
protection*

THE very night that Ra-nok was born, word came to the Eskimo settlement by way of the Mounted-Police that her father, Star-nok, the mail-carrier, had been killed by the spring break-up of the river ice. Little could escape the keen vigilance of the red-coated, grim faced guardians of the North, the "Mounted." A lone officer, mushing through his wilderness beat of two hundred miles, had blown the snow from Star-nok's face and had set up a cairn of rocks to mark the spot where he lay.

The woman in the igloo, Star-nok's wife, received the news with the stoicism of her kind, "Her name shall be Ra-nok," she said, pointing to her baby and drawing the caribou robe over her head.

By the time Ra-nok was seven years of age, she drove her own dogs harnessed to a tiny sled, and cracked her miniature whip-lash with all the skill of a mature driver. At twelve years, she had so increased her team that six splendid young dogs raced at her command and few boys dared put their teams against hers.

From this point on, Ra-nok made rapid strides in her education. On the flat rocks that stretched out into the sea she learned to spear small flounders with all the skill of a buck hunter. And by the time winter closed in the world about her, and her people took down their multi-colored, calico tents and moved into snug, snow igloos roofed with walrus, Ra-nok could grind an ivory jigger as speedily and cleverly as any boy.

Indeed, she was as skillful as the boys in many things. When the boys set out on a "sena" (seal hunt) Ra-nok pulled as lustily as any one on the rope that drew the quarry up on the ice. Having the strength and the

courage of a brave hunter, Ra-nok was without fear to go into the wilderness by day or night. And toward the latter part of her fifteenth winter, she performed a feat that stamped her at once as a full fledged hunter and brought her the spoken word of commendation from the leaders of her people.

Day and night there drifted past the sheltered encampment of the Eskimos an interminable procession of icebergs. Speeding through uncharted lanes of the Gulf and open sea, these floating islands frequently collected strange inhabitants: a family of stubby-nosed white fox, perhaps; a lean, hunger-scarred wolf or two; and at times a vagrant polar bear, a hundred miles from home.

It was the natural thing therefore, among Ra-nok's people, for each hunter, whenever he crawled from his igloo, to scan the passing bergs for signs of life. On a certain morning, as Ra-nok swept the sea with her sharp eyes she broke into a loud shout. Her cry brought a score of hunters from their igloos, popping to their feet like so many "jacks-in-the-box." A quarter of a mile away, pacing up and down on the narrow shelf of a towering iceberg was a great, white bear. But before the girl could start for the spot where her "kayak" (skin boat) lay, she saw two figures put off from shore in separate kayaks. Provoked at the thought of being beaten, she raced along the ice, clambered into her skin boat and pushed off.

With her double-bladed paddle, Ra-nok drove the sharp prowed boat fiercely through the water. But the two hunters, A-nuka, the wind, and Awing-ak, the mouse, had a long start and by the time she had come within a hundred yards of the creaking berg they had already

launched an attack on the bear. A-nuka had left his boat and was clambering onto the ice shelf.

Ra-nok, her heart beating with excitement, rested on her paddle and watched A-nuka creep towards the huge white animal. In the clear morning air she could see the beast's small, black eyes glitter wickedly. The bear's first instinct was to evade his enemy by plunging into the sea. But when he saw the kayak floating just below him, he swung his long neck viciously from side to side and waited for the advancing A-nuka.

The Eskimo hunter had prodigious courage—there was no doubt of that. To attack an eight hundred pound, surly tempered bear on a two-foot shelf high up on a lurching iceberg was no task for a timid man. Ra-nok could see the hunter's long knife flash in his hand as he advanced cautiously, foot by foot.

Now, by all the accepted rules of bear warfare, the great, shaggy beast should have waited for his enemy to come within striking distance before rearing up on his hind legs. But this fellow didn't wait. With a deep chested roar, he lowered his head and dashed for the man. The girl held her breath. A-nuka, one hand against the ice wall to steady himself, met this unexpected move with rare coolness.

But the bobbing head of a charging bear is a mighty difficult knife target. A-nuka slashed once or twice. Then a wide, sweeping paw caught him on the shoulder and he was thrown into the sea, the great white bear hurtling after him.

Almost before the yellow-white mass struck the water, Ra-nok started paddling furiously to the spot, thinking to help Awing-ak and A-nuka. But when, with a gurgling gasp, the bear came to the surface, the girl's moving paddles caught his attention and he at once made toward her. Ra-nok was in fearful danger. She had a knife, true. But of what use was a slender, ten-inch blade against the long reach of the infuriated bear?

His blue roofed mouth wide open in a snarling roar, he plunged for this new enemy. Quick as thought the girl thrust her ash paddle down that yawning throat. The sharp-edged weapon, propelled by an arm trained to the throw of a heavy spear, choked the mighty beast so that he turned over on his back and tried to dislodge the fearful thing. His sharp teeth cut the shaft off like an axe but he couldn't get rid of the piece in his throat and

the last Ra-nok saw of him was a swirl of crimson flecked foam.

Ra-nok made history that day. A place was found for her in the ring of hunters by their night fire and the young lads of the camp fought for the privilege of soaking her oil-tanned boots.

A month later, when the world lay feet deep under the snow and late winter storms howled in from the sea, there came to the village a government doctor, on his first trip of inspection.

His guide, a tall, lank brave of the Montagnais, drew up his team of short haired dogs at the chief's door and refused to go further. Knowing the timberlands of his own country much as a city man knows his front yard, and braving dangers that might have appalled even the Eskimos, yet he feared the mysterious menace of the booming sea.

It was a time of desperate anxiety for the doctor. Who was to guide him further? He must go on, yet the hunters were that day far from the igloo village. Silently, Ra-nok took her place beside him, bringing with her Koo-lee, strong, simple Koo-lee, she of older years who would follow Ra-nok anywhere. Silently, the two motioned their willingness to guide the doctor to the land of the Yellowknives. And cracking her whip over the dogs, Ra-nok started the little cavalcade upon their northward journey.

Once across the bleak ridges overlooking the camp, the team was swallowed up by the vast wilderness of bare sea coast and white plain. Ra-nok and Koo-lee swung along behind the sled with a smooth, long stride, lifting and dragging their snowshoes in the ankle-loose fashion of the expert. Ra-nok chose their trail unhesitatingly. At dark, she halted and together she and Koo-lee set to work upon a small snow house, an igloo. Trotting about from place to place, Ra-nok prodded the snow with her spear head. Having found a suitable location, she and Koo-lee marked a circle in the snow. Then, standing in the circle's center, they began to dig, carving out great slabs of frozen snow, six inches thick, two feet long, and eighteen inches high.

As the girls tumbled these slabs from their holes, the doctor could see that each lump was slightly curved. Setting the slabs on edge, side by side, Ra-nok and

(Continued on page 30)



With a deep roar, the great shaggy beast dashed for the man

Camping With "The Covered Wagon"

How Lois Wilson proved a good Scout, even when her tent was snowed in

By BETTY SHANNON

WHEN the icy winds came sweeping down the valley, and the water in the pitcher in their little tent had to be melted over the kerosene stove before it could be used—then Lois Wilson and her younger sister, Constance, wished that they had listened more obediently to their mother! They were camping out in the wilds of Utah, on an immense plain at the foot of one of the rugged mountains of the Wah-Wah range, eighty-five miles from hot water taps and telephones and hotels and even railroads. And it was almost winter.

They were there for the most thrilling reason! Mr. James Cruze, the famous photoplay director, was making the fascinating pioneer story *The Covered Wagon* into a motion picture. (I hope you have seen it.) Lois Wilson was playing the part of the heroine, Molly Wingate. If you have seen the picture you know that Molly Wingate was a pioneer girl who crossed the plains of the great Northwest with her parents, in a covered wagon train that left Westport Landing, Missouri, for the lands of Oregon in 1848. Westport Landing is now Kansas City.

It was great fun to be Molly. But it took real skill to manage the long balloon skirts that Molly wore as a matter of course on her trip through the wilderness. These skirts were the style in Molly's day. But Lois found them especially difficult when it came to riding a horse, sidesaddle, through a prairie fire, or when she had to cook over a camp-fire. Imagine a girl of today starting out for a journey beset with real dangers such as Indians that might scalp and blizzards and wild animals, hampered by yards and yards of skirts that sweep the ground, not to mention the other clothes that went with those skirts, such as tight bodices, shawls and bonnets!

Yes, when her daughters left for the camp where they were to live while *The Covered Wagon* was being taken, Mother Wilson told them to take flannels along. "Molly Wingate would have worn flannels," she declared, most emphatically. "Red ones, too, I'll wager." And Father Wilson agreed with her.

But flannels scratch! And besides, they aren't pretty. And anyway Lois and Constance didn't intend to take any. So there! (Later, they sent for some. But that is another story.) However, they did consent to take along some pink canton flannel pajamas to be worn with



Lois Wilson's winter sports at Camp Cruze

cunning knitted bed slippers. And some heavy flannel shirt waists. And for everyday wear, when they should not be busy with the picture, they had riding habits. No skirts for them to drag around in the alkali dust and the burrs! Their camp suit outfit also contained heavy woolen stockings, knee high boots, scarfs, gloves, sport hats and sweaters. And Lois took the tan camel's hair coat she likes so much.

So they were off for Camp Cruze (named for Mr. Cruze). And did they find other campers there? Hundreds of them! It takes a great many people to make even the simplest motion picture. But *The Covered Wagon* is one of the largest and the most difficult ever made. So Mr. Cruze had a veritable army of people helping him. He, himself, was the camp director, with every one else doing "Kapers"!

Besides the actors who played the leading roles, there were hundreds of Indians and thousands of "extra" people to make up the great hordes of pioneers and cattlemen and wagonmen and plainsmen and miners and traders. Most of these "extra" people Mr. Cruze got from the ranches and towns in Utah. The Indians came from three reservations and camped by themselves.

There were also the cameramen and electricians and carpenters and scene shifters and property men to look after the fifty carloads of things that had been shipped from the studio in Hollywood; not to mention the cooks and handymen and cowboys! Sometimes Mr. Cruze had as many as three thousand white people and five hundred Indian chiefs and warriors with their squaws and children on his hands at one time! Can you imagine being head of a camp like that or yourself being a camper in Camp Cruze?

Every one working on *The Covered Wagon* lived in tents. J. Warren Kerrigan who played the rôle of Wild Banion, the hero, had a tent just the size of the one in which Lois and Constance Wilson lived. Ethel Wales, who acted Mrs. Wingate, Alan Hale, the villain, John Fox, the funny freckle faced boy who was banjo-playing Jed Wingate, all lived under canvas. So did Tully Marshall, who was cast for the character of the famous pioneer trader, Jim Bridger. And Ernest Torrence who acted Jackson, a truly ferocious and lovable Scout.

Mr. Cruze had quite a large tent, as a camp director should. And many times during the two months of *The*

Covered Wagon camp season Lois and Constance and their friends gathered there in the evening for a good time. Frequently some one played the fiddle or the banjo or the accordeon and they all sang songs. Their favorite song was *Oh, Susanna*, the very one which was the favorite of the wagon pioneers in '48. One night, they had a masquerade dance in Mr. Cruze's tent. Goodness knows, no one had any difficulty rigging up a costume!

The Camp Cruze tents used by the white people were laid out in a grove of tall trees, for protection. Against the Indians? No, not this time—against the storms. One day, a gale came along and, despite the trees, took off a number of tents and scattered what was in them.

At one end of the camp was a flag pole. The flag raising on the day Camp Cruze was christened was a very impressive sight. Lois Wilson put on one of Molly Wingate's prettiest dresses. J. Warren Kerrigan donned Will Banion's fringed buckskin suit. Alan Hale wore his Prince Albert and high boots and stood beside the flag staff while the Indian braves came solemnly riding up, in war bonnets and paint, and stationed their ponies in a circle.

Then while *The Star Spangled Banner* was played on the banjo, accordeon and violin and every white man held his hat in his hand, Lois Wilson slowly raised the flag. And as the flag of our dear country rose high, the Indians followed it with their eyes and slowly raised their outstretched arms to heaven. After that, the flag proudly floated over Camp Cruze every fair day.

The Indians' tepees were pitched near the grove. Their camp was a fascinating place. Here the Indian women were always to be seen, industriously gathering wood and keeping up the fires in front of the tepees. They spent hours and hours preparing food in kettles over these fires. And it was a common sight to find them fastening, to the sapling boughs which held up the tepees, large chunks of meat which they wished to "cure" in the fires' smoke and the sun.

These squaws were not very pretty, according to our ideas. But they spent time upon their appearance, Indian fashion. Every morning, they smeared their faces with all colors of paint and red earth, painting the part in their hair with vermillion. This they did, too, to their little, brown-eyed daughters.

Lois wondered what the squaws would think of her, the first time they saw her made up for the picture. For "make-up" in the motion pictures is not like the "make-up" you, yourself, use for your own plays. In order to bring out various effects in the films, queer colors are required. So before Lois Wilson appeared in a *Covered Wagon* scene, she covered her eye-lids with jade green, put large black paint beads on her eye-lashes, and daubed her face and neck and

arms with a thick, greenish yellow powder. But when Lois, looking like this, stepped out before the Indian women, they took her as a matter of course. They were so used to their own fantastic colors that they didn't even notice hers!

During the first few days of camp, while Mr. Cruze was getting ready to "shoot" the picture, there was not much work for the players so they went off exploring. And they found plenty to see! There were the two hundred mules and the one thousand range cattle and the one hundred and fifty oxen and the one thousand horses in the corrals up the hillside. There were the huge mess and cook tents and the commissary and mail tents that looked like those in a circus. Hundreds of people could be fed at one time in the mess tent, where long board tables stood. Lois and Constance and some of the others took frequent saddle trips up the rocky trails through the sage brush and greasewood, almost to the tops of the mountains, where they found an eagle's nest. On all their trips, they looked for coyotes and wolves but found only jack rabbits!

The most fun Lois and Constance had was in fixing up their tent. First of all, they asked one of the property men for an empty orange crate which they made into a dressing table, by standing it on one end. Here they kept their make-up and toilet articles.

Then they sent to Milford, the nearest town, for rag rugs. And Lois wrote to May MacAvoy for odds and ends of cretonnes and gay colored pillows and photographs of Mary and Doug and Charley Chaplin and all their friends in Hollywood. Lois had a bright Spanish shawl which she spread over her cot and when the pillows and cretonnes arrived, the tent was as cheerful as could be.

The girls kept their clothes in their trunks. But you can never guess where Lois put Molly Wingate's quaint 1848 dresses and bonnets, even the taffeta wedding dress, trimmed with real lace, and the veil. She threw them on the tent floor where they could be trampled on and the more trampled, the better! Mr. Cruze asked her to. For the costumes were newly made and Mr. Cruze wished them to appear old and travel stained, as though they had for months been in a cowhide chest in a real covered wagon.

So many thrilling scenes were made for *The Covered Wagon*, during those two months at Camp Cruze. But Lois remembers most vividly of all the night when the

Indian attack was photographed. The pioneers were camping in a canyon. Their wagons were in a circle forming a sort of stockade to protect the travelers from wild animals and Indians. You will remember that this was the night when Molly Wingate was to marry Sam Woodhull, the wrong man. Molly's wedding was



Lois Wilson, J. Warren Kerrigan, Alan Hale and the Indian braves in Camp Cruze's first flag-raising ceremony

(Continued on page 35)

Nancy Lee Adventures It

*Strange lettering, which Nancy
and Andy had overlooked, is
discovered by Mr. Amory*

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Illustrations by ETHEL C. TAYLOR

Read this first:

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Nancy Lee is acting as companion to Miss Miranda Snedecker, in Bermuda. Miss Snedecker is a most disagreeable employer and Nancy's days would be most unpleasant were it not for Mr. and Mrs. Amory, who are staying at the same hotel, and Andy Sanderson, a twelve-year-old boy who writes limericks and who takes her into his confidence about what he calls his "mystery."

Mystery it is, indeed, Nancy discovers when she manages to escape from the "Gorgon" (as she calls Miss Snedecker) long enough to prowls about a cave which Andy has chanced upon. Here they find a strange old cross upon which are the words:

*From the end of the armes to the top of the crosse—
Straighte backe.*

To add to the strangeness of the "Buccaneer's Cove," Andy finds a secret passageway from the cave up into an old, deserted coral hut. There is no time for further exploring, since Nancy must return at once to the Gorgon. But that night she writes to her invalid sister, Betsy, and her mother, closing her letter with the words, "Further developments in our next, as they announce in the serial 'thrillers'." For Nancy and Andy have determined to solve the mystery of the cave.

CHAPTER V

In Which Three Heads Are Better Than Two

There ensued another dreary interval, which the Gorgon spent in bed, requiring Nancy's constant and unremitting attention. All the while Andy fumed and fretted over the interruption of their now most exciting explorations. He would have liked to poke around in the cave by himself, but, like the loyal little chap he was, felt this would be unfair to Nancy. So he enlivened the time by composing limericks and conveying them to Nancy in strange and distracting methods.



*At a whoop from Andy and a violent beckoning from Nancy,
Mr. Amory rowed quickly ashore*

On the fourth morning, she found the following, under her plate at the breakfast table:—

*A young person named Andy said, "I
Do not care how you holler or cry.
I'm going today
Along North Shore way,
And you cannot come if you try."*

She promptly turned it over and scribbled this reply on the back,—

*A young person named Nancy said, "Who
Do you think will much care if you do?
I've lots better ways
Of spending my days,
Than tagging around after you!"*

This she handed to the waitress with the request to deliver it to Andy. After the meal he came over and whispered to her: "For Pete's sake, Nance, can't you get off this afternoon for a while? You ought to get out and have an airing!"

"She's sitting up today, so maybe I can," replied Nancy. "Anyhow, I'll beg her to let me off, for half an hour. Wait for me on the veranda after dinner."

But fortune had something else quite unexpected in store for them both that afternoon. Nancy's uncomplaining devotion to her none too attractive duties had touched her friends the Amorys very deeply and together

they had laid a plot to give her a little pleasure. Very charmingly, Mrs. Amory approached Miss Miranda with the news that she had just received some recent books from home and proposed that she and the invalid spend the afternoon reading, while Nancy should go for a little drive with Mr. Amory and Mrs. Sanderson and Andy.

Nancy's heart almost stood still while she waited breathlessly for the Gorgon's reply. It was long in coming and perfectly evident that, while flattered and pleased by Mrs. Amory's attention to herself, she was none too ready to have her companion enjoying herself after the usual manner of hotel guests. However, Mrs. Amory put the matter in such a way that Miss Snedecker could not do less than assent, and the afternoon was a wonderful experience for Nancy.

Mr. Amory planned the ride to see as much as possible, and, at Andy's request, took them through three of the largest and best-known caves. The wonder of these, lighted as they are by artificial means, so took Nancy's breath away that she was speechless and absent-minded for much of the remainder of the drive. But she recovered in time to exclaim over the lovely drive around Harrington Sound and on down to Hamilton. On the way back they halted at Spanish Point which Mr. Amory told them was supposed to be the spot where Shakespeare located his play, *The Tempest*. He also pointed out a point called The Ducking-Stool, where witches (or supposed ones!) were summarily dealt with in former days.

When they returned to the hotel, Nancy's head was in such a whirl, that she wished to go off by herself and think it all over. That, of course, was impossible. But she did manage to get a word alone with Andy before she returned to her tasks.

This is what she put to him. "Do you know, Andy, I think we are making a big mistake in not sharing our secret with the Amorys. Mr. Amory knows so much about this place that we don't, I know he'd be simply thrilled to hear of what we've discovered. Besides, I believe he could help us solve it all too. What do you say?"

But to Andy, this sudden proposal meant only the end of their delightfully shared secret. "Oh, don't let the big guys into this!" he implored. "We'll never have any more fun out of it!"

"But don't you like Mr. Amory? Isn't he lots of fun?" demanded the wily Nancy.

This Andy was forced to admit, for on the drive, Mr. Amory had been like another boy, laughing and singing and whistling, cracking jokes and teasing them all like another, and only a trifle older, Andy. Besides, Nancy's idea that Mr. Amory might be able to help them find the treasure (if indeed there was!) seemed a good one.

"All right!" Andy replied, in a moment. "I cave on Mr. Amory. He's a good sport! But no more skirts in this thing. Mrs. Amory'd spoil it all!"

Nancy was wise enough not to press the matter further, and agreeing to initiate Mr. Amory into the secret at the earliest opportunity, Nancy be-took herself to the Gorgon, more light-hearted than she had been for many a day.

Two days later, the great opportunity came. Nancy had part of the afternoon to herself and Andy at once proposed the cave. What was their delight as they approached the North Shore to behold Mr. Amory, in a rowboat not very far from this identical spot, fishing patiently, quite within easy hailing distance. At a whoop from Andy and a violent beckoning from Nancy, he reeled in his line and rowed quickly ashore.

"Anything wrong?" he demanded anxiously, as he trod his anchor into the sand. But having relieved his mind on this point, Andy inquired if he were "game to horn in" on an exploring expedition, for if so they could show him something that'd make his eyes pop out a foot! Laughingly, Mr. Amory bade them lead on, wondering in secret to what childish nonsense he was about to be introduced.

Dramatically, they led him in by way of the shore to Buccaneer's Cove. He commented comically on the possibility of getting his feet wet and having to reckon with his wife if he caught a cold. But he looked more grave when Andy cheerfully alluded to the fact that people avoided the spot because of a possible cave-in. He went on, however, and when Andy halted him and extracted a promise of secrecy, Mr. Amory crossed his heart in mock solemnity over the ceremony.

But five minutes later, his attitude of playful toleration completely changed. Standing beside the little cross with the curious old lettering, he exclaimed in a serious tone such as they had not yet heard him use, "Folks, I'll have to admit, you've thoroughly surprised me. I really hadn't supposed you had anything of any special interest in this secret. But I believe that you have made a very important find, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for letting me in on it. You know, I'm a born antiquarian. It's been my hobby ever since I can remember, the study of anything that time and history have made interesting. And I'll confess right now, that this is the most thrilling example of it that I've ever come across, first hand too. We're going to have the time of our lives unravelling this little mystery!"

From that moment he fell to work with a zest, examining and exploring every possible aspect of the queer mystery. The lettering on the little cross, he studied with a small pocket magnifying glass, announcing that it had doubtless been done with a crude, dull knife and that the drip of water from the roof for so many years had worn it away considerably before it had coated it over with its present glaze. He next explored the other exit, through the floor of the old hut and declared that in his opinion, the hut had not been built on that spot till long after the cave had been abandoned. He did not think that



Providentially capturing Andy's note before the Gorgon saw it on her tray

the owner of the hut had even been aware of any such place as the cave under his dwelling. The palmetto growing out of the ruins had doubtless, of recent years, loosened the roof of the cave with its penetrating roots, he said, and that was why the roots had given way when Andy had performed a trapeze act on them.

"But what do you think it's all about?" demanded Andy. "Is there any treasure? And what's that cross there for anyway?"

"These are all questions to be solved later," answered the newest conspirator in the little secret. "As to the matter of there being a treasure, I'm doubtful of that. But there's a very interesting reason for all this, which we're going to track down if it takes ten years! Let's have another look at the little cross. We're going to find the answer to most of our questions right there, I fancy."

He took the strongest torch, knelt down by the cross and again went over every inch of it, with the aid of the magnifying glass. Then he moved his position and went through the same process at the back, the younger folks watching with breathless interest. Suddenly he gave a low whistle and beckoned them to his side.

"Look through this glass!" he directed Nancy.

"Why—why—" she cried, presently raising her head, "there's more lettering over on this side! Oh, Andy, how *stupid* we were never to have thought of examining it back here!"

Andy grabbed the torch and scrutinized the spot. "But it's awful small!" he cried. "That's why I never noticed it myself, for you bet I gave this side the once-over too, Miss Nancy Lee, if you didn't!"

"Yes, you'd scarcely have noticed it in this light and without a glass," agreed Mr. Amory. "But lettering there is, though I cannot myself make much out of it just yet. Many letters are missing, or too indistinct to be discernible, for that side got more of the drip than the front.

"We'll come here tomorrow and I'll bring a bigger glass and a strong electric torch, and we'll puzzle it out. It's a pity you don't care to admit Mrs. Amory on this, for I think she could be of a lot of help if she knew. To begin with, it'll be difficult for me to come here much without telling her my whereabouts. Besides, she could make it far easier for Nancy to get away from Miss Snedecker at times to do the exploring. However, I don't want to press the matter. You two have been more than good to tell me, as it is!"

Nancy was just about to say that as far as she herself was concerned, Mrs. Amory would be a most utterly welcome member of the secret band, when to her astonishment, Andy burst out, "Well, by the great horn spoon, let's have her in then! I sure am game! I'll bet she'll be as good a sport as you are, Mr. Amory. And you're the best sport I've met, outside of Nancy!"

Mr. Amory's eyes twinkled as he answered, "I think I can vouch for her and thank you, Andy!"

Our February Issue

will bring you

a fascinating colonial story

by

EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

and

ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER VI

The Gorgon Intervenes

Oh, Betsy Darling!—(Nancy wrote her invalid sister, a week later)—

A terrible thing has happened! You know, I wrote you a week ago all about how we introduced Mr. Amory to our secret and he discovered the writing on the other side of the cross? Well, we were going to go the next day to puzzle it out with a stronger torch and magnifying glass and Mrs. Amory was to be initiated too. But the next day it rained and the next day after that and so on for a week, a most unusual spell for lovely Bermuda. We couldn't go near the cave nor do a thing about our mystery.

But—worse than that, the Gorgon caught a bad cold and had another attack of rheumatism. And now, oh, now, my Betsy, the dreadful woman announces that she is *going home*! And we have scarcely been here half the time she intended to stay. I shall never be able to help solve our mystery. But far worse than even that, I will have less than half the amount of money she intended to give me for my services for the ten weeks, and you, dear Betsy, will not be able to go to that rest-cure farm after all. I am so bitterly disappointed that I could cry. Only I haven't time, fortunately, as she keeps me running harder than ever.

The Amorys have been perfectly lovely about it, telling me that even if I have to go, they will solve the mystery anyhow and write me all about it. But Andy is inconsolable and keeps sending me such terrible limericks, right under the Gorgon's nose, that I'm almost distracted trying to prevent her from seeing them. Here is one that he sent up this morning pinned to her breakfast tray and which I providentially captured before she got a glimpse of it. The thing made me laugh, blue as I am:—

*Said a youngster named Andy, "I feel
That I'd sure like to poison this meal!
Which is wicked, I know,
But she riles me up so
That my sufferings are hard to conceal!"*

Miss Miranda does not feel equal to going on the steamer which is sailing tomorrow but intends to take the next one, five days later, if she is able. I'm tempted to wish that she won't be. Yet, it makes matters no better for me, in that case, as I am not allowed to leave the room except to go to meals. Never in my life have I come across such an unreasonable or thoroughly selfish and self-centered person. Tell Mother it's a liberal education for me in the practice of patience and self-control to be associated with her. But I'm afraid I fail in them very often. She is so aggravating!

For instance, this morning her toast was a little cooled off when it came up and she sent me down for more. When I brought this up, she said it was scorched (it wasn't a bit, only crisper than usual!). So back I went for more, and that she claimed was under done! The fourth time I ascended with some, I knew it was just right. And, behold, she then announced she was tired of waiting for it and didn't want it anyway, so down

it went at last, untouched! Can you beat that for sheer unreasonableness?

But, oh, I wouldn't care a speck if only I didn't have to give it all up and leave this heavenly place and these delightful people and the most thrilling mystery I ever heard of, still unsolved! Mr. Amory came and told me this morning that he and Andy and Mrs. Amory were planning to do their level-best to get some time off for me before we left so that we could go to the cave and settle the whole thing.

If only the weather will clear up, Mr. Amory is going there this afternoon with Andy to see if he can make anything out of that writing on the back of the cross. He asked me if I'd mind their going without me. Wasn't that thoughtful of him? But that's just like the Amorys anyway. One lovely thing about this trip that even the Gorgon can't deprive me of is the future friendship of these delightful people. When they get back to Stanleyville, I can see them without any interference from her. And Andy who lives in New York, has promised to be my firm friend forever, too.

I have been writing this while the Gorgon was taking a nap, but I see her beginning to heave and groan, so I know she is due to wake up very shortly and start me on the run again. The sun has come out once more and the air is delightfully sweet after the storm. Perhaps Mr. Amory and Andy can get to the cave this afternoon. My spirits always begin to soar when the sun comes out, but I'll confess to you that I've been pretty much 'in the dumps' for the last few days.

The Gorgon has just sneezed loudly and called for a fresh pocket-handkerchief, so bye-bye, my Betsy!

Later—same day.

Before this goes out in the mail, I simply must write you what happened this afternoon, Betsy. I am taking the time when I'm supposed to be eating my supper, but it's my only chance, if this is to catch tomorrow's steamer—and I simply must tell you! I'll snatch a mouthful just before I run upstairs.

Mr. Amory and Andy went to the cave this afternoon. Mrs. Amory didn't go, as she hasn't been feeling very well either, during this unpleasant weather. But she's wildly interested just the same. Well, the two of them came back in wild spirits. They had spent the time trying to decipher the writing or rather printing—on the other side of the cross. At first, it was pretty hard work to figure out anything at all because it was so dim and worn away. But finally they managed to get several letters and parts of words distinct enough to be sure about, and Mr. Amory copied them on a paper for me. And this is what they found. I'll copy it for you, just as it is on my paper, and if you can make out anything, cable down at my expense. None of the rest of us can read it, and so we are sending it on to you.

*What she would hat rough
Eil nt all
t athacrs on t
Bet l it lie.*

Now, if that isn't a beautiful puzzle, I'd like to know what is! Yet both Mr. Amory and Andy are certain they can interpret it, somehow. Mr. Amory thinks it may be that some one is really buried here and that this is an inscription over the grave. If that should prove to be the case, of course we'll let it alone. He

says some one probably was killed and they buried him there to avoid suspicion, yet were superstitious enough to feel the person must have a proper headstone and epitaph. Mr. Amory is going to investigate any records he can find.

But Andy is sure the writing on the cross is for finding buried treasure and he is building high hopes on his theory. I haven't any suggestions for I've not had time to study it out yet. But isn't it all simply thrilling? See what you can make of it, Betsy. I'm really serious about what I said in connection with cabling me, if you should strike the answer. You were always good at solving riddles quickly and we need all the brains we can get on this job.

Another new development arose this afternoon. The Gorgon has become suspicious that there is something up between me and the Amorys and Andy! It came about in this way. As Andy and Mr. Amory were departing for the cave, they had to go past our windows, and Andy began to sing very loudly (and quite appropriately!) 'In a canyon, in a cavern, excavating for a mine!' I looked out and waved my hand and Mr. Amory called up, "Here's to success with the new magnifying glass!" which of course meant nothing to any one not acquainted with our secret.

Well, the Gorgon heard it and immediately demanded of me what was going on. I told her that Andy and Mr. Amory were off for a tramp, but that didn't satisfy her. She said she'd been noticing for some time past that I had been acting very curiously, and always when I was with these people. Demanded to know what it all meant and where we went when we strolled off together. I was quite bowled over for a minute and actually almost stammered in answering her. How to throw her off the scent without telling a lie, I couldn't figure for a moment, but suddenly had the inspiration to tell her that we were all quite deeply interested in some rock formations out on the shore and that Mr. Amory and Andy were going out to examine them more carefully with a strong magnifying glass.

It worked, at least partially, for she rather subsided at that. But later added this awful threat, "I'm going to keep a stricter eye on you, from now on, Nancy Lee! You show a tendency to become entirely too friendly with people who have absolutely no interest in you outside of your connection with me. And as for that impudent child who is always about, I shall tell his mother that he must be forcibly restrained. Please understand that this is final!"

I almost burst at the vision of Andy's ineffectual little mother 'forcibly restraining' him, but I kept a straight face and solemnly acquiesced in all she said. Nevertheless, I am appalled by the prospect of her constant vigilance for the rest of our short stay—and with so much to be done about our mystery. However, I'm not going to borrow trouble.

Goodbye, darling Betsy! Use your wits on the riddle I've sent you. You may be the one who is going to solve it! Best love from
Nancy.

Can you not imagine Betsy's feelings when she received the riddle from Nancy? Well—she cabled. Next month's installment is exciting, to say the least.

Top O' the World

By LESLIE VARICK PERKINS

*Top o' the hill my house is built,
And top o' the house live I,—
Up with the sound of the tree-tuned lilt
Of the wind to the deep night sky.*

*And whether it cloud or whether it shine,
Alone with my wind and my sky,
I can dream the dreams that are mine, all mine,
Top o' the world till I die!*

Paul Bunyan

*Tall tales of a lumberjack hero
in the land of tall timber*

Transcribed by MARGARET CROSS

Illustration by BESS BLY

IF, tonight, you were to walk into one of the White Pine lumber camps up in the north woods along the Canadian border, you will find the lumberjacks in their huge plaid mackinaws or their green and black checked shirts sitting around the little air-tight stove in the bunk shanty singing *Shanty-boy*, *Bung Yer Eye* or some other favorite of the northwoodsmen.

And if it should happen that there was among the crowd a new man or "greenhorn," it would not be long before one of the old timers would remark in an off-hand way, "Do you remember when we were working for Paul Bunyan up on the Big Onion that winter of the blue snow?"

This would be the beginning and then would follow tales of the wonderful exploits of the superman, Paul Bunyan, tales which have been passed down from generation to generation of lumberjacks. Each lumberjack would add his story, perhaps one he had just invented himself, telling it without a sign of a smile, for that is part of the game of over-awing the "greenhorn." And when these woodsmen come home in the spring, they tell the same stories to their children, never letting on by so much as a wink that this famous pioneer lumberjack is only a myth. The children must think that out for themselves.

Since many of these children have now grown up to be Girl Scouts in Northern Minnesota, the Paul Bunyan stories are finding their way to the Scout camp-fires and are there being told with great seriousness by Scout daughters of "old timers" to "greenhorn" Scouts. For that is the way the Paul Bunyan stories must be told—with never a smile! Last summer, so truly did one of the Scouts carry on the tradition of telling these stories as actual facts, that she was later accused of being a "horrible liar."

Here are some of the tales she told of Paul Bunyan and his big blue ox, Babe. Do you wonder he is the hero of every lumberjack in the northwoods?

Paul Bunyan was born in Maine. When three weeks old he rolled around so much in his sleep that he destroyed four square miles of standing timber. Then they built a floating cradle for him and anchored it off Eastport. When Paul rocked in his cradle, it caused a seventy-five foot tide in the Bay of Fundy and several villages were washed away. He couldn't be wakened, however, until the British Navy was called out and fired broadsides for seven hours. When Paul stepped out of his cradle he sank seven warships and the British government seized his cradle and used the timber to build seven more.

Feeding Paul Bunyan's lumberjack crews was a complicated job. At Big Onion Camp Paul hired his cousin Big Joe to do the cooking. Big Joe was the only man who could make pancakes fast enough to feed the crew.



Lumberjacks around the "air-tight" telling tall tales of Paul Bunyan

He had Big Ole, the blacksmith, make him a griddle that was so big you couldn't see across it when the steam was thick. The batter, stirred in drums like concrete mixers, was poured on with cranes and spouts. An idea of the size of the tables at this camp is gained from the fact that they distributed the pepper with four-horse teams.

At Paul's camps, the chipmunks that ate the prune pits got so big they killed all the wolves and years later the settlers shot them for tigers.

A visitor at one of Paul's camps was astonished to see a crew of men unloading four-horse logging sleds at the cook shanty. They appeared to be rolling logs into a trap door from which poured clouds of steam.

"That's a heck of a place to land logs," the visitor remarked.

"Them ain't logs," grinned the cook. "Them's sausages for the teamsters' breakfast."

The grindstone was invented by Paul the winter he logged off North Dakota. Before that, Paul's axemen had to sharpen their axes by rolling rocks down hill and running along beside them. When they got to "Big Dick," as the lumberjacks called Dakota, hills and rocks were so hard to find that Paul rigged up the revolving rock. This was much appreciated by the Seven Axemen as it enabled them to grind an axe in a week. But the grindstone was not much of a hit with the Little Chore Boy whose job it was to turn it. The first stone was so big that, working at full speed, every time it turned around once it was pay day.

The year of the Two Winters, they had winter all summer and then in the fall it turned colder. One day Big Joe set the boiling coffee pot on the stove and it froze so quickly that the ice was hot. This was right after Paul had built the Great Lakes, and they froze clear to the bottom. They would never have thawed, if Paul had not chopped the ice and hauled it out on shore for the sun to melt it.

Babe, Paul's big blue ox, was a handy animal to have around camp. He could pull anything that had two ends. Accounts vary as to his size. Some say he was forty-two axe handles between the eyes, while others say six handles and a plug of tobacco. But this is explained by the fact that Paul's axe handles were seven times the ordinary kind. They could never keep Babe at a camp for more than one night because he would eat in one day all the feed one crew could tote to camp in a year. For a snack between meals he would eat fifty bales of hay, wire and all.

Once in a while Babe would run away and be gone all day roaming all over the northwestern country. His tracks were so far apart that it was impossible to follow him and so deep that a man falling into one could be hauled out only with difficulty and a long rope. These tracks, today, form the thousands of lakes in the "Land of the Sky-blue Water."

Chris Crosshaul was a careless cuss. He took a big drive down the Mississippi for Paul and when the logs were delivered in the New Orleans boom, it was found he had driven the wrong logs. The owners looked at the bark-marks and refused to accept them. It was up to Paul to drive them back upstream. No one but Paul Bunyan would have tackled a job like that. To drive logs upstream is impossible. But if you think a little thing like an impossibility could stop him, you don't know Paul Bunyan. He simply fed Babe a good big salt ration and drove him to the upper Mississippi to drink. Babe drank the river dry and sucked all the water upstream. The logs came up faster than they went down.

Lucy, Paul Bunyan's cow, had an insatiable appetite and ate everything in sight. In fact, they quit trying to feed her at all, but let her forage for herself. The Winter of the Deep Snow, when even the tallest White Pines were buried, Brimstone Bill outfitted Lucy with a set of Babe's old snowshoes and a pair of green goggles and turned her out to graze on the snowdrifts.

Snowshoes were useful in winter but one trip on the webs cured Paul of depending upon them for transcontinental hikes. He started from Minnesota for Westwood one spring morning. There was still snow in the woods so Paul wore his snowshoes. He soon ran out of the snow belt but kept right on without reducing speed. Crossing the desert the heat became oppressive, his mackinaws grew heavy and the snowshoes dragged his feet but it was too late to turn back.

When he arrived in California he discovered that the sun and the hot sand had warped one of his shoes and pulled one foot out of line at every step, so instead of traveling on a bee line and hitting Westwood exactly, he came out at San Francisco. This made it necessary for him to travel an extra three hundred miles north.

It was late that night when he pulled into Westwood and he had used up a whole day coming from Minnesota.

Tracking was Paul's favorite sport and no trail was too old or too dim for him to follow. He once came across the skeleton of a moose that had died of old age and, just for curiosity, picked up the tracks of the animal and spent the whole afternoon following its trail back to the place where it was born.

When Paul Bunyan took up efficiency engineering he went at the job with all his customary thoroughness. He did not clock the crew with a stop watch, counting motions. He decided to cut out labor altogether!

"What's the use," said Paul, "of all this sawing, swamping, skidding, decking, grading and icing roads, loading, hauling and landing? The object of the game is to get the trees to the landing, isn't it? Well, why not do it and get it off your mind?"

So he hitched Babe to a section of land and snaked in the whole 640 acres at one drag. At the landing, the trees were cut off just like shearing a sheep and the denuded section hauled back to its original place. This simplified matters and made the work a lot easier. Six trips a day, six days a week just cleaned up a township, for section thirty-seven was never hauled back to the woods on Saturday night but was left on the landing to wash away in the early spring when the drive went out.

Documentary evidence of the truth of this is offered by the United States government surveys. Look at any map that shows the land subdivisions and you will never find a township with more than thirty-six sections.

The cooks in Paul's camp used a lot of water and to make things handy, they used to dig wells near the cook shanty. At headquarters on the Big Auger, on top of the hill near the mouth of the Little Gimlet, Paul dug a well so deep that it took all day for the bucket to fall to the water, and a week to haul it up. They had to run so many buckets that the well was forty feet in diameter.

Travelers who have visited the spot say that the sand has blown away until one hundred and seventy-eight feet of the well is sticking up into the air, forming a striking landmark.

Paul was plowing with two yoke of steers and Pete Mufraw stopped at the brush-fence to watch the plow cut its way right through rocks and stumps. When

they reached the end of the furrow Paul picked up the plow and the oxen with one arm and turned them around.

Note: We are indebted to the Red River Lumber Company of Minneapolis for these Paul Bunyan stories. Any Girl Scout interested in this lumberjack hero may obtain a Paul Bunyan booklet from this Company.—Editor.



In Minnesota lumber camps such as this, Paul Bunyan reigns supreme



Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs "among the leaves so green, oh!"

When Fairies Live Again

Fairy plays, given by your Troop—winter or summer—you enjoy them, do you not? Then read this story of how our Minnesota Girl Scouts "followed King Oberon over the mead"

By MARJORIE EDGAR

THE small camps of which I write had no definitely planned "dramatics." In the early days (1917-1920), the campers, never more than sixteen in number, took very naturally to giving short plays of different sorts, often making them up themselves. Sometimes the Captains (we were still coming out to camp in separate troops, at that time) wrote plays. These plays were of all kinds, chiefly fanciful, and suited to the background of the birches and rushy shores of Orchard Lake. In 1921, we exchanged this camp scene for the hills and narrow valley and stream of All's Well. That year, too, we started the patrol system, and consequently, each patrol wanted to give a "stunt." The plays were given by patrols, generally in the log cabin, and always at night. On Visitor's Day, and for our own pleasure, we sang and acted ballads, selecting Scouts from all the campers.

The patrol plays still continue, having become a tradition. So do the ballads, and this summer we added, as well, one play a week, rehearsed on Saturday, by Miss Carol Preston, who came to camp on purpose to help us, and given on Sunday afternoon for visitors. Four evenings of the camp week, campers are invited by each patrol in turn, to see its play. Sometimes these are "stunts" or dances and songs by individuals of the patrol. More often, the small space on each side of the cabin fireplace and the hearth itself form a stage for plays of the patrol's own choosing or invention. Pantomime is popular, but we have a wide variety. Pioneer scenes are effective, with the low windows convenient for lurking Indians and once we had a pirate band, gloriously gotten up, that turned the cabin into their den. Four large, dripping red candles stand on the floor for footlights, and separate players from audience, the latter packed tightly together on long wooden benches and on a table against the wall.

It was only recently, 1922, that the patrols began giving fairy stories, and for the stage used the outside of the cabin, with the audience half way up the opposite hill. The patrol leader of the Chipmunks, a rather young and very nice patrol, announced that they had chosen *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* for their patrol play, and we were all assembled, at sunset, facing the cabin door and windows opening on either side.

The Story Teller, standing under an oak tree at the side, told the story in her own words, explaining that the patrol could supply only four dwarfs instead of the usual number. The Wicked Queen appeared by candle-light at a casement, representing the window in the first scene. Thereafter, the cabin became the little house in the wood, to which the dwarfs, all of one size, and carrying all the available spades and hammers, returned at night to find and adopt Snow White. Here the Queen came, disguised as an old peddler, crying her wares. And from the cabin door the dwarfs carried out Snow White, seemingly dead, to lay her on the hillside. In this version, there was of necessity no glass casket, and, indeed, no prince, but an ending that took the revived Snow White back again, to keep house for the gayly dancing dwarfs.

More fairy tales followed: *Rumpelstiltskin*, *Hansel and Gretel* and *Cinderella*. This summer, they were given both by patrols, and by the campers generally, coached by Miss Preston, and accompanied by Donna Blake's violin. For the dwarfs to dance, we found an ancient, gay, and elfin tune from *Chansons de France* which we had fortunately brought to camp for its delightful illustrations in color by Boutet de Monvel. It is called *En Revenant d'Auvergne*, and has nothing to do with dwarfs or fairies, but curiously belongs to them, and may be used, as we

(Continued on page 27)



Photograph by Lloyd B. Lenan.

"Sleeping Beauty" by Miriam Loder Wallace
Presented in the White Plains Community Church Playhouse

The Big Play of Your Year

Suggesting some fairy and folk-lore plays suitable for Girl Scouts

By MABEL F. HOBBS

Drama Consultant, Playground and Recreation Association of America

THE months between Christmas and spring are the ideal time to prepare for the most serious dramatic effort of the year—your long play, which probably will be put on to raise money. Start work on the play as soon as the rush of the holidays is over and you will be ready to present it in March or April.

I am suggesting below some excellent plays suitable for girls, which will run a full evening. Some shorter plays are also described, because there are so few full-length plays of this kind that girls' groups often make up a program of two or three shorter plays. In this case it is always advisable to choose plays suitable for different ages, casting the youngest group in one, the oldest in another, with perhaps another play adapted to the "in-betweeners."

Girls of Scout age have shown that they do the folk-lore and fairy plays more artistically than they do any other kind. For this reason I am particularly recommending such plays as *Helga* and *the White Peacock* and *The Peddler of Hearts*.

"Can't we do a modern play?" you ask. You can, but unless the characters are girls of your own age, it is doubtful whether you can make it a success. With a modern grown-up play you will find it difficult to create the illusion that comes so easily with simple plays of the far away and long ago.

Then there is the great stumbling block of girls' playing the parts of modern men. This cannot be done by any group younger than college women, and even they seldom do it successfully. No matter how much you'd love to appear behind the footlights in Dad's dress suit or big brother's white flannels, don't try it in a serious production! Do it all you like in your club room stunts when the object is to be ridiculous.

In the parts of men and boys who appear in the costume plays, however, or in strictly character parts such as the rural Irishmen in *Lady Gregory's Spreading the*

News, girls can be convincing. Girls make romantic fairy princes and delightful long haired pages. And you can play satin and lace heroes of Colonial days quite acceptably. These are much more colorful than modern men's parts, don't you think? Why sigh for trousers and top hats when there are swords, capes and plumes to be had?

The work of the costume committee always reaches its greatest interest when characters for a folk-lore or fairy play are to be dressed. There is so much scope for the imagination in combining colors and materials and such a good chance to utilize odds and ends ransacked from attic trunks. Arranging settings for this kind of play is always fascinating, too.

I met with a Girl Scout troop in New York City recently and we decided to give Constance D'Arcy Mackay's Christmas play of the sixteenth century, *The Christmas Guest*, and to work out all our own costume designs. At the next meeting one of the girls brought in sketches showing the results of hours spent in the library with books of mediaeval design. The troop is now very interested in dyeing and making the costumes.

The number of charming folk-lore plays which are now available have come from many sources, particularly from the French, Russian and Irish. Producing one of them brings you much of the romance of another country. For it is quite true that in no way is the spirit of a people so clearly expressed as through their folk tales and folk songs.

SLEEPING BEAUTY by Miriam Loder Wallace. The pantomime is becoming more and more popular with dramatic groups. *Sleeping Beauty* is especially adapted to Scout troops as it is possible for both the members of your Scout group and your Brownies to participate in it. The story is so well known that it is not necessary to repeat it. It is told by Mrs. Wallace in a dramatic dance pantomime in four scenes: 1. In the Cave of

(Continued on page 33)

Our Hike Contest is Decided

Sally Bradley, 13 years of age, Troop 3, Lee, Massachusetts, is unanimously awarded first place

THE Judges of our Hike Contest, Mrs. Frederick Edey, Chairman of our National Field Committee; Miss Louise Price, Head of our National Camp Department; and Miss Alice Waller, Business Manager of THE AMERICAN GIRL have announced the results of our Hike Idea Contest as follows:

First place: Sally Bradley, 13 years, Troop 3, Lee, Massachusetts, to whom has been awarded a piece of hike equipment from our Supply Department.

Second place: Betty R. Tonks, 18 years, Troop 18, East Orange, New Jersey.

Third place: Jean Shepard, 17 years, Mistletoe Troop 1, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Fourth place: Margaret King, 14 years, Troop 19, Sioux City, Iowa, and Alice Goodwin, 10 years, Troop 2, Simsbury, Connecticut.

Honorable Mention

It was no easy matter for the Judges to make this decision and all agree that the following well deserve Honorable Mention: Virginia M. Ambrose, 15, Territory of Hawaii; Janet H. Dunning, 13, Nightingale Troop, Auburn, N. Y.; Gertrude Green, 17, Troop 2, Manhattan; Bernice Hyland, 15, Troop 15, Syracuse, N. Y.; Kathryn Kumler, 12, Wild Rose Troop, Lewisburg, O.; Anna Louise Ludwig, 14, Troop 1, Orange, N. J.; Florence McCann, 16, Troop 9, Elmira, N. Y.; H. Viola Thomas, 14, Tanager Troop, Lancaster, Mass.; Blanche Turner, 20, Headquarters Troop, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Margaret Mary Zimmer, 11, Troop 8, Indianapolis, Ind.

"How I have enjoyed reading these hike stories," one of the Judges wrote upon her report. "They are full of good ideas. I would give first place to Sally Bradley's *Clean Up Hike* because she has written well and interestingly and shows real Scouting all the way through. I like the service idea which the girls performed and the fact that they learned what fun working together is."

Another Judge says, "I like the practical, workmanlike way in which the girls have given their hike ideas. Those to whom I have awarded places in the contest have presented their ideas well and clearly and with true Scout spirit."

All three Judges agree with what one wrote, "I wish we could avoid making harmful Wild Flower Collections. Our wild flowers should be conserved, everywhere."

Our Clean Up Hike

By SALLY BRADLEY

Climbing with steady feet and light hearts up a rugged path, we came to the top of a ledge overlooking the town.

As we set the eats down under a tree it seemed as though dinner time were a long way off, but we went to work with right good will.

Our duty was to clean a path which led in a roundabout way to the view point we had just left. The path was overgrown with briars and blackberry bushes. With clippers, hatchets and jack-knives we soon made a hole in the tangle. The Scouts without tools carried the brush down the hill and made a neat pile of it below.

We were well in the job when a man came down the path and stopped to relate to our Captain how even the town had failed to make this, the prettiest place in town, what it should be. After that we went on with our work resolving that before the season was finished we Scouts would show folks what we could really do. We exchanged implements now and then so we all had a chance to do our bit. By noon we had made the path look very respectable.

We picked up our luggage and started for another ledge. Some of us went a roundabout way while the others went cross lots. We hoo-hooed all the way to let the other group know we were there.

The ledge was shut off on one side by trees while the other side dropped down a hundred feet, making a cozy glen. We built a fire between two rocks and warmed the beans. By the time they were warm we had our paper plates ready and Captain doled out the beans.

A pile of four dozen rolls lay at arms' length and everyone was so hungry that not even Captain commented on our manners. We fried bacon on sticks while the next helping of beans sizzled in the frying pan. After three helpings of beans and two slices of bacon apiece, we had cake and cookies and whatever drink we had brought.

Then leaving the dying fire on guard we went to an open space and had contests in knot tying and signaling. Then we played the compass game and hide and seek. The sun was below the middle west when we returned to our long dead fire. We found we had forgotten the apples and in spite of being full we ate apples all the way into town.

We had by that time decided that Scouting was heaps of fun and the little amount of work we did was nothing to the fun we had.

Fun Hike

By BETTY TONKS

Dear Editor:

I would like to tell you about one of the hikes our girls enjoyed very much and from which they gained a great deal of knowledge.

(Continued on page 39)



"Bigger Than The Weather" Girls

Zero? Yes! Snow? Yes! But they're off for a winter picnic, are our Duluth girls. And you are invited

By ZYLPHA L. SHARPE

YOU'LL need your warmest mackinaw, your wooliest scarf and socks, your bear skin mittens and your well-greased boots if you wish to go with the Duluth Girl Scouts for a winter picnic. And don't forget your dad's biggest handkerchief. A bright red one will be the most economical and useful—if he has one!

Off we start, with our trail hidden in the drifts of fresh snow. But don't worry about getting lost, for the Scouts in this part of the country have a well-sharpened sense of direction and location. This may be our heritage from our parents who, in many cases, are themselves children of lakemen, lumberjacks, and foresters. These sturdy pioneer forefathers of ours had great need for a keen sense of direction, as they sailed the lake or tracked through the woods. And it is this sense, besides much else, which they have passed on to us.

Then, too, in those early days, there was game to be stalked and the tracks must be known, if meat was to be had. So, today, every Girl Scout in Duluth who has tramped with her father or older brother knows the common animal tracks: the heavy, sharp-edged mark of the moose, the four concentrated marks the deer leaves as it jumps a thicket, the small indefinite mark of the coyote and the well defined 'form' of the rabbit.

As we go along on our winter hike (the day after the first snow fall), we see many bird marks leading straight to some feeding or watering place. Almost, we forget to keep to our trail. But not quite. For when the highest point in the country has been reached, after much tugging and puffing, we all pack onto a toboggan and down the hill we go! Can there be a greater thrill than to feel the cold, biting air whistling past our faces, the flying snow cutting into our faces, and our breath lost in the swift dash to the bottom? Sometimes Scouts in Duluth choose a hill that is so steep the bottom cannot be seen until it is reached.

Many of the girls in our party are carrying their skis, long slender ones of the best hickory and ash. Skiing is an art in this part of the country and the Scouts are quick to learn it from observation. Some of the most famous ski jumpers of the world have located in Duluth and their daily practice at the Country Club is a great attraction for our Scouts.

Lunch time, now, on our hike! But where shall we

find dry wood, after the fresh snow? The wood patrol goes to an old pile of logs, digs out the inside, cuts shavings, and soon a merry little cooking fire is snapping and cracking. This fire is not high but low and wide, giving room for the stew pan and for the crane which is to hold the cocoa kettle.

Our packsacks have been unloaded and now the good things are being cooked over the fire. Can't you just smell the komac stew? If you've never made it, try it the next chance you have (the recipe is to be found below). The taste is delicious and the appetizing smell of it as it cooks is tantalizing.

After a hearty luncheon, the day camp is put in order and our treasure hunt begins. The trail was laid out for us, last night, and in spite of the new snow, the signs can be readily followed. The various Scout trail signs have been used: a bundle of tied brush, a twisted cornstalk, a note in code upon a branch, a pile of stones, all leading on to a huge box of marshmallows!

By this time, the gulls are soaring overhead, their keen eyes detecting our movements. And all too soon, the sun drops low in the west and the cold, damp wind is blowing off the lake. With hurried packing of knapsacks and

packsacks, we are off on our homeward hike, taking it on Scout's pace to keep warm. By the time we reach home, it is nearing thirty degrees below zero—a fact to which the ruddy cheeks of our Scouts testify.

There's a tingle in the air that we love and that makes us doubly proud of our pioneer ancestors who could not return to warm, comfortable homes

such as ours but who nevertheless persevered. We're glad when the snow piles high. We're glad when Jack Frost paints our windows fantastically. We're glad we're Scouts and not afraid to brave the cold. And we're for winter picnics, even though the thermometer slides down to forty-five below!

NOTE—The following recipe for Komac Stew comes to us from Mrs. A. Juhre, Commissioner of St. Paul. It is planned for a group of eight.

4 slices bacon 2 onions (2 greens)
2 cans tomato soup 3 eggs

Dice and fry bacon. Then fry diced onions until they look transparent. Add the soup and drop the unbeaten eggs into the mixture. Stir until thickened. Serve on toast. Try this on your next hike.—EDITOR.



Our Duluth Girl Scouts on a winter picnic

Our Life Saving Corps

Start now if you wish to be a Junior Life Saver by next summer

By JANET NOLAN

Troop 10, St. Paul, Minnesota



The Junior Life Saving Emblem

A GIRL Scout should be prepared. Therefore, last winter a number of us decided to become Junior Life Savers in order to be prepared for camp. The winter is a fine time to take up a thing like Life Saving because learning the different holds and breaks in a pool is easier than in a large body of water.

After securing the Y. W. C. A. pool, we formed a class of about twenty Scouts and began our course of instruction under Miss Louise Gilfillan of the Scout office. The course lasted about two months and during this time we mastered the fundamentals of breaking away from a drowning person, of the carries, artificial respiration and diving. The final test found us well prepared. And a second class was begun immediately, since our first had proved so popular.

Last summer when we arrived at camp, we found that the Life Savers were to be in a tent by themselves. There were eight girls in a patrol each week and we were the Honor tent. Instead of having a Councillor with us, we elected one of our number as Captain of Corps. Our duties were different, too, for instead of having the regular Kamp Kapers, we were the special orderlies.

Each day, six from our patrol were detailed to watch the girls while they were swimming. This was accomplished by keeping boats in hollow square formation, with the shore on one side of the square and one boat on each side of the remaining sides. Two Life Savers were in a boat and each boat would patrol a distance of about one hundred yards.

The seventh member of our patrol was detailed to help the swimming instructor and our remaining eighth took care of the boats for the day. This duty consisted in soaking the boats, then washing them out and after they were in fairly good condition, in shellacking them. The work within the patrol rotated.

During the morning swimming period, the Life Savers received their own training in instruction methods in swimming. It is one thing to learn to do a thing yourself and another to teach some one else how to do it. This fact we found out when we were acting as assistant swimming instructors.

The camp was divided into three classes of swimmers. The first, the girls who wore red caps, could barely swim. They were taught the American Crawl. The second class,

the girls who wore blue caps, could swim fairly well. They were taught the back stroke. Finally, the green caps were the good swimmers and were future Life Savers. This last group spent their morning swimming instruction period of fifteen minutes in land drill for Life Saving and finally in water practice, demonstrating the proper carries, the breaking of holds and in other parts of the Junior Life Saving test. During these periods of water practice, the real Junior Life Savers (our patrol) acted as the victims.

Our special insignia as Life Savers were our white sailors' caps which we wore on all occasions and of which we were very proud. In addition, we wore as a patrol emblem, peppermint Life Savers on a string. Of course we were constantly replenishing our supply of these all too perishable emblems. Our motto was *Pep* and we carried it out in all our activities around camp. Our yell was:

Oh, heck! A little pep!! Yea, Life Savers!!!

NOTE: *The splendid work done by our St. Paul girls (whose photograph is shown below) has also been carried on in other cities by the Girl Scouts.*

We are very proud of the number of Junior Life Saving Emblems which have been won by the Girl Scouts and are hoping that, in the summer of 1924, every Girl Scout camp situated on water will have its Life Saving Corps.

If a pool is available in your community, start now to be prepared for next summer. If not, plan to get this important work under way during the first week at camp. A Life Saving Bulletin has been published by the American Red Cross, Bulletin No. 1005, to be obtained from local Red Cross Headquarters or the National Red Cross offices at Washington, D. C.

See also our own Handbook, page 530. By this co-operation, we are able to have our active share in the



Our own Swimmer's Merit Badge

splendid work which the Red Cross is doing in America to make water sports more safe and, therefore, more enjoyable.

Commodore W. E. Longfellow, Associate National Director of Life Saving for the Red Cross, has written us of his desire to cooperate with the Girl Scouts in every possible way.—EDITOR.



Look closely at the position in which each couple is standing. Each represents a stage in the breaking of the back strangle hold

"What's Wrong With My Fudge?"

By MADGE WILLIAMS

HAVE you ever listened when a crowd of girls get to talking about making fudge?

"My fudge always gets too sugary."

"Mine gets so hard and brittle that it tastes more like cardboard than candy."

"If I only knew how to get mine nice and creamy!"

"I never can tell when my fudge is done and oh! how it sticks to the pan."

"My fudge comes out decently only once in awhile. Perhaps I boil it too long—or else I don't boil it long enough! Something's always wrong but all the same, I'm going to keep on making it, it's so good when it is good."

Everything, of course, takes time. But every girl can learn how to make delicious fudge if she will keep on experimenting and will think over the mistakes which she feels she has made.

How can a girl tell what is best to do? Some girls use cocoa instead of chocolate. Some prefer granulated sugar to brown sugar or vice-versa. Some use water instead of milk or half-and-half. Very few think of adding the necessary pinch of salt. Some even forget the butter. Or they have a fire so hot and quick that the fudge is burned—all important points to be considered by the girl who wishes to make fudge that "melts in your mouth."

Get a good recipe

The first thing of which a girl should make sure is her recipe. Is it a good one? If it is not, no matter how carefully she works, something will taste "queer," in the end. Where is a good recipe to be found? From those who already are successful candy-makers. One such guide is Mary Elizabeth, the well known candy-maker who has given us permission to quote her recipe for plain chocolate fudge, a recipe found in her book, "My Candy Secrets" (published by Stokes).

Plain Chocolate Fudge

- ½ lb. (1 cup) granulated sugar
- 2 lbs. (4 cups) brown sugar
- 1 pt. (2 cups) milk
- ¼ lb. (½ cup) butter
- ½ lb. grated unsweetened chocolate
- pinch salt

Having decided upon your recipe, the next step is to collect all your ingredients and your "tools." Have everything together before you start. Be sure that each utensil is shining clean—as clean as though you were working in a laboratory—for after all that is what a kitchen really is.

Have your utensils ready

Aluminum utensils are the best to use for fudge, just as they are for other things, because they can be kept so clean. Use a larger kettle or saucepan for mixing your ingredients than they seem to call for, so that if the candy boils over, it won't matter. For stirring, a long-handled wooden spatula, costing ten cents at any department store, is better to use than the regulation kitchen spoon.

Be careful to make accurate measurements. This is the very first rule of successful candy making. While some

professional candy-makers do not approve of cup measurements, they do very well for the amateur candy-maker. Kitchen scales or the small weighing machine are used by many experts, which is the reason Mary Elizabeth's recipe is stated in terms of pounds.

This recipe was evolved after innumerable experiments. As you will notice, it calls for a mixture of granulated and brown sugars rather than the one variety and for grated, unsweetened chocolate rather than cocoa. And it emphasizes the pinch of salt.

In following the recipe, remember these points:

- To use grated, unsweetened chocolate
- To add a pinch of salt
- To cook over a slow fire and stir continuously
- To test in a cup of cold water until the fudge forms a ball
- To let the fudge stand five minutes, drop in the flavoring when it is a little cool and then to beat until it becomes creamy
- To remember to grease the pan and not to mark the squares too soon.

For the greasing of your pan, butter or olive oil or peanut oil is excellent, applied to your pan with a small brush. The use of this brush means economy to you, since in this way a smaller amount of the butter or oil is consumed. For the pans in which fudge is to cool, square or oblong shape is preferable to the round tin.

Some successful candy-makers will tell you that you cannot make fudge or any other sort of candy without a candy thermometer. They do not approve of the water test, which is a point for the girl to consider who plans to make a great deal of candy.

"One of the reasons people have so much trouble in making good fudge," say these experts, "is because they do not make it scientifically, depending upon testing their candy by water. The making of good candy on a small or large scale demands the use of a candy thermometer. Such a thermometer can be bought from almost any optician. It should be put into the candy the instant it is placed upon the stove, otherwise the heat cracks the glass."

Should an entire Girl Scout troop become interested in candy making, it would then pay to invest in this "tool," recommended by candy experts.

How Dolly's fudge helped

When interviewed about fudge and candy making in general for THE AMERICAN GIRL, a well known candy-maker said: "It is always a pleasure to talk with girls about candy making, for I started when I was just a girl myself. There isn't any better way for a group of girls to raise money than by selling home-made candy. Should the Girl Scouts want to make funds to equip a summer camp or an athletic field in town or country they could begin making candy in the winter and having special candy sales from time to time. I would advise girls to start with the very simplest forms of candy, plain chocolate fudge, taffy and peanut brittle. Every girl ought to get first-hand experience in making

candy and in making it exactly the right way. The experience helps her in every form of cooking. Above all it helps her to discriminate in materials used for candies and to learn how to select the purest and most delicious."

This particular candy-maker whom we quote is a young woman who is now carrying on a chain of little candy shops in Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Atlantic City. She was only fourteen years old when she made her first pound of fudge to sell. It was at her old home in Baltimore, in her mother's kitchen, at Christmas time eighteen years ago. The little girl had always made candy at home "just for fun," and all of the friends of her family, and especially her own girl and boy friends, considered Dolly's home-made candy a rare treat.

When Dolly's father died, leaving to his widow only the little house in which they lived, she started to make a living for the family in various ways, first by taking in sewing. This was slow work and so ill paid that the little family soon found themselves in hard straits.

Christmas was near and Dolly had an idea: "I said to Mother that since our friends always seemed to like the candy I made, why wouldn't other people like it too? Why couldn't I make candy to sell? Mother was perfectly willing, but she did not think there would be any money in it," continued the candy-maker, "Well, I made my first pound of chocolate fudge to sell. I put it in the very prettiest Christmas box I could find and wrote on the top 'My Home-made Candies.' Then I took it to one of the gatherings of the ladies of our church at the parish house. One lady bought it and passed it around and everybody said how delicious it was!

Dolly sold candy

"The very next day six orders came to me, then fourteen, and fifteen, more each day. I cleared ten dollars that first week. Mother was so surprised and so happy about it. She decided that candy making might pay better than sewing, and we started then and there.

"We kept our candy shop in our own kitchen for five years—until the year after I finished high school. Then we opened a little Fudge Shop in Atlantic City—on the Board Walk. Our business grew steadily and now we have a chain of seven little stores. We employ three hundred people and have our own home in the country and in town—no more worries about money troubles. Yes, of course it has been hard work every day.

"You see, when one starts to make a business of candy making it is by no means easy. When you make candy just for yourself and your girl and boy friends you don't make it in large bulk, and it doesn't matter terribly if it isn't exactly right—a little too soft perhaps, or a little too hard. But when you make candies to sell! Ah, that is a very different story. Then if anything is wrong it does matter—terribly! Everything has to be just exactly

right. At the time mother and I started making candy there was no recipe book available so we had to make our own recipes and experiment with all sorts and kinds of materials, with sugars, chocolates, molasses, flavors, nuts, fruits, everything. We made mistakes, and lots of them—when mistakes cost money and time and materials. But we learned from them, so that we did not make the same mistake again.

"Every day meant hard work. But it has paid in every way. And as I said a few moments ago I do not believe there is any better way for a group of girls to raise money than by making candy."

Even though plain chocolate fudge is good enough, Girl Scouts will want to try their hands at something different. And so, we are printing below some recipes that you will find varied yet dependable.

Divinity Fudge

2 lbs. (4 even cups) granulated sugar
1 cup water
1 tablespoonful vinegar
1¼ lb. (1 cup) Karo Syrup
Pinch of salt
Cook to 260° by the thermometer. (Or use water test.)

Pour slowly into well-beaten whites of four eggs. Add two cups (½ lb.) of walnut meats. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vinegar.

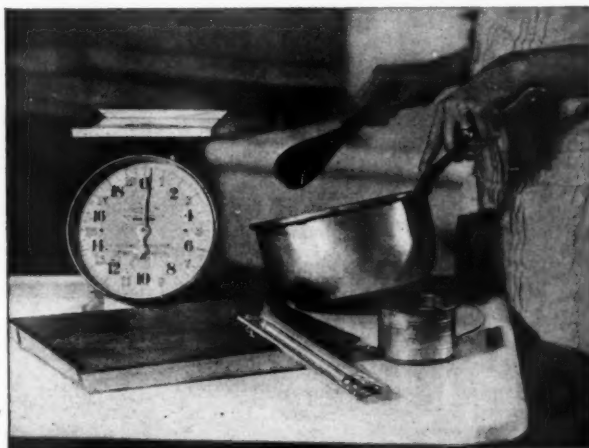
When it begins to thicken, drop in spoonfuls on heavily waxed paper. Work quickly so that all can be finished before the mixture hardens. Pack in airtight tin boxes or cans.

Mexican Penuchi

1 lb. (2 cups) brown sugar
¾ cup water
¼ cup molasses
Cook to 240° by the thermometer. (Or use water test.) Let stand, off the fire, for five minutes; then beat, and add ½ lb. of Pecan meats.
As it begins to be sugary, spoon out onto a marble slab in tablespoonfuls.

Vanilla Marshmallow Fudge

2 lbs. (4 cups) brown sugar
1 pt. (2 cups) milk
Pinch of salt
½ lb. (1 cup) granulated sugar
¼ lb. (½ cup) butter
Stir constantly to avoid burning.
Cook to 240° by the thermometer. (Or use water test.)
Add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat until it begins to cream; then pour about half of it into a greased pan and dot with marshmallows. Pour the balance on top, covering the marshmallows. This must be done quickly—before the second half of the fudge mixture becomes too hard to pour.



Have all your "tools" together before you start.



ABOVE—There are summer sports, too, in our Northern States, after the snow—witness this jolly Eveleth, Minnesota, camp swimming hour

RIGHT—Girl Scouts of Wyndmere, North Dakota, exhibiting to their Sister Scouts the wheat field's pride



RIGHT—No wonder these Mankato, Minnesota, Girl Scouts are happy—this is their first meal at camp

BELOW—Sylvia R. St. Paul to whom life saving medal and the story is told on page 24



LEFT—Oldham, South Dakota, produces Girl Scouts who hike, hike, hike, in their Land of the Middle Border



New Year to You

th an South Dakota Girl Scouts



LEFT—On the trail of the little canoe, returning to Camp Minnesota after a trip to the Canadian Border



ABOVE—True Scout determination enables these Faribault, Minnesota, blind girls to hike, cook, sew, and become Second Class Scouts

—Sylvia Rosenthal of Duluth to whom the bronze award medal was awarded for her story whose bravery on page 24



LEFT—Camp Minnesota on "Hungry Jack" where National and State foresters helped Girl Scout officers to become real campers



RIGHT—Catch that whiff of komac stew? It's the favorite outdoor cooking recipe of our Duluth Girl Scouts



Charmed by the basket ball are these Norfolk, Virginia, Girl Scouts

Our Honorary President

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge is the new Honorary President of the Girl Scouts. That Mrs. Coolidge will be a source of inspiration to the Girl Scout movement as well as the Girl Scouts themselves is a certainty; and we say welcome to her, our new Leader! We are also happy to say that Mrs. Warren G. Harding is one of our Honorary Vice Presidents.

Send designs for the new Home Service Award

It was recommended at the National Convention in Washington that the Home Service Award which had been tried out by several Councils be adopted nationally, the requirements to be decided upon by the Standards Committee.

The following are the tentative requirements: 1. Scout's mother will determine what constitutes service in her own home. 2. Headquarters requests signature of mother on face of each page. 3. Home Service Award will be given when five hundred hours of service have been rendered. The Standards Committee request that you submit to them designs for this new Home Service Award.

A gift of happiness

Through the generosity of Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, our National Treasurer, every patrol of Girl Scouts in the Catholic orphanages of the Archdiocese of New York is to receive *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for one year. In this charming Christmas plan of Mrs. Brady's, *THE AMERICAN GIRL* staff found inspiration for their 100 per cent Troop plan on page 2.

A brave girl

Sylvia Rosenthal (her picture appears on page 22) who saved a little boy from drowning in spite of her sprained wrist, received her bronze Life Saving medal at the annual Banquet of the St. Paul Girl Scout Campers. The young heroine saw the boy go down and in running to his rescue, slipped and in falling sprained her wrist. This, however, did not deter her from doing the brave deed. She reached the boy and swam with him to shore, 200 yards distant, using only her feet, as her left hand grasped the boy's hair and the other was useless. Don't you think she is a *real* Scout?

*"Greetings! Greetings!"
Send Girl Scouts
From North, South,
East and West.*

SCRIBES'



We meet in Albany

Albany held a Girl Scout Conference —*For Scouts, By Scouts*. And it was a mighty exciting one, too! Delegates from Glens Falls, Schenectady, Newburgh, White Plains, etc., were entertained at the homes of their sister Scouts in Albany, and from the moment they got together, till the very end, Work and Play danced hand in hand.

A Life Saving cross was presented to a girl who saved a drowning boy larger than herself; a hunting knife was given as the prize for a Photography Contest; a pageant was staged; a sight-seeing trip enjoyed; a banquet was held and songs were sung. A merry company were they. Has your town or city ever planned such original "get-togethers"? If so, won't you send on your suggestions to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for your neighbor Scouts to enjoy?

Let's go winter camping

At the close of the season at Camp Proctor (the Cincinnati Girl Scouts' Camp) there were so many requests for a winter encampment that it was decided to hold one from December 26 to 31 inclusive. The Scouts will sleep in the house where there is furnace heat and hot and cold water and every precaution will be taken to keep them well. Miss Leslie V. Perkins of Philadelphia will have charge of sports, games and music, and Miss Wilma Lloyd, the camp nurse, will take care of the health of the Scouts.

The camp is limited to First Class Scouts, however, since it is expected that a girl who has attained a First Class badge is "prepared" to the extent of knowing how



Model tents in the Patrol Leaders' Camp of Saint Paul, last summer

to take care of herself, how to get along pleasantly with other girls, how to play, how to be useful and how to "play the game."

Camp Andree Clark, the national camp, will have a similar encampment from December 28 through January 1, and all old time Andree campers are eligible. The camp will be under supervision of Mrs. Jane Deeter Rip-pin, National Director of Girl Scouts, Inc. It will be in charge of Miss Louise Price, Miss Marian Trott and Mrs. Mary J. Littlefield. Winter sports will be featured.

ES' CORNER



"We read them all,"
Say every Troop,
"And like each
One the best."

A Star Club

Eveleth, Minnesota, Girl Scouts have a Star Club. "It should really be called the Arcturus Club," says *The Ranger* (the Eveleth Girl Scouts' Bulletin) "as that huge red sun has a great fascination for us."

Music Appreciation

Next spring, when Music Week and the music memory contest come round in Scranton, Pennsylvania, the Girl Scouts will be ready. With the help of a portable victrola and records, which will go to Troop meetings, circulating library fashion, the girls are planning to become acquainted with fifty compositions. Four artists' concerts have also been arranged, with a special rate to Girl Scouts of one dollar for the entire series.

All honor to our blind Scouts

The Pine Cone Troop, School for the Blind of Fari-bault, Minnesota, in writing to our Editor, says:

"We are happy to be a part of the great Girl Scout sisterhood. We may not do some of the fine and noble things that many of our sister Scouts are doing, but into the lesser things we can throw our whole strength, and rejoice that others can do what we can not. 'The world is moved along, not only by the mighty shoves of its heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker.' " The troop was organized a year ago and is now working on its Second Class Test.

The latest with The American Girl

Of course, a great piece of news for us is always "Subscriptions." So when Montgomery, Alabama, sent us a letter enclosing fifty-six subscriptions, we were ready to cry "Extra."

It always interests us to hear of the plans which our Girl Scouts employ in their efforts to lengthen our subscription list. The New Haven girls, when they gave a pageant recently, offered *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for one year to the Scout selling the most tickets. In Duluth, Minnesota, girls are walking to school to save money for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Out in Kansas City, Miss Alice Sandiford got most of her speech for a Mother-Daughter Banquet from our magazine. And Miss Barbara Mc-



Girl Scouts of Terry, South Dakota, camping in Spearfish Canyon

Millan in San Diego sends us a greeting card on which she tells us that the Scouts love *THE AMERICAN GIRL* because it is a help to them and their leaders.

In the exciting Montclair-East Orange contest, East Orange reported the first 100 per cent Troop. This is not saying, however, that the contest is over!

A home of their own

Brooklyn, New York, Girl Scouts are very happy, these days, in the possession of their Scout home, a

gift from Mr. Edwin Gould. When Mr. Gould was considering possible presentation of this house to some organization, he visited a Scout camp where he was so impressed with the excellence of conduct of the Brooklyn girls that he made this generous gift. He has also consented to be a "Girl Scout Daddy."



An International Falls, Minnesota, Girl Scout with a baby rabbit in her hands

A woodsy exhibit

For those interested in booths and exhibits, a good idea can be found in the Minneapolis Scout paper called *The Pioneer*. "A pup tent among some little spruces, brown shuffly leaves drifting on the ground, a reflector fire before the door and nearby a good camp stew simmering away over a log cabin fire. The old camper saw some woodsman dodges: the candle held by a strip of birch bark caught in the cleft of a green stick and the little device used by foresters to hang their kettles low on the fire without moving the cross bar above the fire, an electric torch, a Scout axe, and a neat pile of wood showed that the Scout Camper knows how to be prepared."

California sends her bulletin

The California Girl Scouts' Bulletin greeted us in the morning mail. At their first camp, Camp Chaparral, girls attended from many towns and cities: Modesto, Montey Park, Berkeley, Sausalito, San Francisco, Redwood City, Los Alro, Stockton, Ceres—we wish we might give them all, the names are so picturesque.

The Bulletin also reminds us to ask all of you who publish a local bulletin of any kind to place *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, personally, upon your mailing list. Do this, even though you are already sending one copy to National Headquarters, for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* will welcome her own copy.

Scout Fancies

Written by Girl Scouts

The Huskies

By GENEVIEVE BAYLE

Troop 1, Grand Marais, Minnesota

IN winter, when the snow is drifted on the Gunflint Trail, cars and canoes cannot travel there. But dogs can and do. In Grand Marais, there is a prize dog outfit owned by the Minnesota Forest Service and used by the forest ranger in his winter work.

The outfit consists of two prize dog teams that came from Alaska, both winners in the Canadian derby. There are seven dogs. The two large white ones, Cumbusgo and Whitie, look like polar bears with large ears. The only difference between them is a lop ear belonging to Cumbusgo. Ginger is the leader; Red a peaceful dog for his name; Bob a scrapper; and Irish just an inquisitive black dog with a short tail.

In the summer, they are dogs of leisure. But during the winter, these huskies haul many different loads. They have hauled supplies to surveying camps deep in the woods. They have carried on their toboggan, sick men who could not be brought out in any other way. And they have hauled mail when the bus could not run on account of the drifts. When speed is wanted they can travel twelve miles an hour without any trouble.

Why I Like Nature Study

By OLIVE CROCKER

Troop 20, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Our camp, All's Well, is located at the top of a lovely hill which borders on Nine Mile Creek. There is a rich, mushy, dry, and sandy soil to suit almost every variety of wild flower. And many, many flowers, trees and even weeds thrive in abundance about our camp.

We take advantage of this wonderful opportunity each year at camp, for we spend an hour or so of each day in learning more about Mother Nature's interesting works. I think it is the best time of the day, when one patrol and a leader, with pencils and notebooks, with eyes and ears alert, file out of camp for a lovely period in the woods or along the creek. We seem to be a part of every living thing and it is so exciting to discover a new bird, flower, fern, or mushroom.

In order to create greater enthusiasm and also as a sort of rivalry to see who knows most about Nature Study, we have had a contest for the past two summers. Each week, a Girl Scout emblem has been given to the girl who obtained the highest number of points during the week. These points were given for independently identifying a new flower, fern or bird. At the end of the six weeks' camping season, six girls held Girl Scout monograms. I



Prize Huskies, owned by the Minnesota Forest Service

received one and I prize it very highly, as do all those who have them.

The best result of Nature Study at camp is that interest in nature doesn't cease at the end of the camping season. Those who never before took an interest in outdoor life and those who have always loved it are made more enthusiastic than ever about it. We learn to go about with our eyes really open to the

wonders of the outdoors and not simply to look and not see.

Camp Nature Study is also a big step toward obtaining the Flower Finder's Badge. When the summer camping season was over, I, myself, continued to identify until I had enough for my Flower Finder's Badge. And many girls here would probably never have thought of trying for this desirable badge if they had not been in camp and found out how really simple and enjoyable the work is.

At Scout Camp

By MABEL RYKHUS

Troop 1, Mankato, Minnesota

A lake so blue among the hills,
Whose restless waters sigh and croon;
A cottage by the sandy shore;
A week of perfect days in June.

A bit of paradise it seemed,
This camp of our dear Sunflower Troop
The Captain and a score of girls,
Made up the busy happy group.

In such a group each girl learns how
To co-operate, to play and work.
To meet the things this world demands,
To love fellow-men and not to shirk.

At evening oft we took the boats
To row beneath the pale moon's light,
Our dear, old Scout songs filled the air
And mingled with the sounds of night.

And as the sun rose in the east,
A bugle call bade us awake.
Flag-raising and a daily dozen,
Before a dip into the lake.

Our breakfast was a merry meal;
At cleaning each one did her lot;
Then came the happy playtime hour
For fishing, swimming and whatnot.

And, oh, the happy hours spent
In swimming in the lake of blue,
That helped to make our muscles hard,
And many sunburned shoulders too!

When Fairies Live Again

(Continued from page 15)

used it later for our fairies, when they have to dance in a circle on a rough grassy hillside. *Hansel and Gretel* was very charming. Not having any old German folk tunes, we used the old and sinister French legend, *St. Nicholas* which, for the witch music, cannot be equalled for sheer creepiness. And for the happy conclusions—Mother and supper and bed—we had the Irish lullaby, *Soontree*.

Midsummer Night's Dream was perhaps too ambitious for the short time given for rehearsing, but *Midsummer Day* made it irresistible. And we only gave a fragment, with Puck, the Fairy, Titania, Oberon, and attendant fairies. In spite of an approaching thunder-storm ("Fairies, skip hence") the effect was quite nice, and with a little more time would be most beautiful. For costumes, in all the fairy plays, we used the brown or green flannel hooded capes and cloth hose, and the green cotton and orange silk gowns of the ballad-singers, and they did very well.

The *Mad Tea Party* from Alice was given twice and the Scouts enjoyed it especially. It was hard to find suitable tea dishes and a camp-like tea-pot smothered the realistic squeals of the unfortunate Dormouse. Sometimes the best patrol play of the week was repeated on Sunday, the most successful being a sort of pageant called *Famous Girl Scouts*, taken partly from the Manual and acted in pantomime, with reading and music. One patrol, having asked for the Robin Hood book, led us out to the ballad stage, in the woods. The interesting thing about this performance was that the players did enjoy being Robin Hood and his men and also, that the costumes made for the Merry Men in *The Green Wedding* did equally well for Robin Hood costumes.

The Green Wedding is really a play as well as a ballad, and Miss Sampson came over especially to coach it, with a cast of all the campers. There are only two principal singing parts, the Narrator (who has nine verses) and the Squire, who has eight lines. The Farmer's Son has a little to sing, but much to act, and that is true also of the Bride's Father. The Bride and her Mother and the Page have a good deal of acting to do and the Merry Men come leaping across the slope and flourish their staves when they help to carry off the Bride. There are, too, Wedding Guests (as many as you can get campers). And the effect is very picturesque, especially if you costume them according to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, as much as possible.

We should do more Robin Hood, perhaps using the valley, and doing it for our own amusement (although it was great fun performing for the parents, as they made a sympathetic audience). Twenty-eight is just the right number for an outlaw band, and even allows for an occasional Queen or King Richard. Then there are Indian dances and tableaux, if we can only get the genuine ones (the sham is abundant and worthless). And we at All's Well will remember, if we use Chippewa legends and music, that seventy years ago the Chippewas fought their enemies, the Sioux, all over the river valley a mile from our camp. This will lead us to pioneer history, which has still to be looked up and acted out.

There are a great many old French legends that have great imaginative beauty, and that, of course, is what we are after, and need most. There is no better place for it than camp, but in the small camp you must be sure to live



This Is Blanche Turner

of Headquarters Troop, Glens Falls, New York

Blanche has won more premiums by securing new subscriptions to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* than any other Girl Scout on record. First she sent eight new subscriptions and won a first aid kit. Then she sent in twelve and won a mess kit. Then came three more, winning a free subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. This makes twenty-three in all, and she will probably send in more.

All you have to do to earn these premiums is to secure new subscribers to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. (Do not count your own subscription as one). Just a little effort in your spare time. It will be so easy. Show them your January issue. Tell them about our plans for the future—about our stories by famous writers, Ernest Thompson Seton, Jane Abbott, Elsie Singmaster, Beth B. Gilchrist, Katharine Haviland Taylor, Emilie Benson Knipe and Edith Ballinger Price—about our big International and camping numbers.

When you have secured all the subscriptions you can, check the names of the premiums you wish on the list below and send it in, together with the printed names and addresses of the new subscribers you have secured and \$1.50 for each subscription.

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Girl Scouts, Inc.,
189 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

I wish the premiums I have checked below. I am sending the amount indicated.

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<input type="checkbox"/> In-Spool Sewing Kit....	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Handy Mess Kit.....	12
<input type="checkbox"/> Girl Scout Web Belt....	2	<input type="checkbox"/> Girl Scout Bugle.....	12
<input type="checkbox"/> Girl Scout Stationery....	2	<input type="checkbox"/> Poncho (60x82)	15
<input type="checkbox"/> The American Girl.....	3	<input type="checkbox"/> Blanket (4 pound grey). 20	
<input type="checkbox"/> Girl Scout Knife.....	5		

My name is

My address is

the thing for the time being; to have it a natural expression of your camp life. The camp surroundings must be such that they make the Scouts feel free in the greenwood and friendly with tree-dwelling spirits and hill-climbing gnomes.

This Side of the Looking-Glass

"Mirror, mirror, tell me true"

By CAMILLE DAVIED

"The American Girl's" Fashion Lady



THERE was a girl named Alice, once, who walked through a looking-glass and found amazing and peculiar people on the other side. And I wonder how many times you and I have peeked into our looking-glasses from this side to find figures just as ridiculous and absurd staring back at us.

I don't mean the kind of mirror that puts dimples on the tip of your nose or in the middle of your forehead; or the little square one that hung

on your tent pole in camp last summer and gave your bobbed hair a permanent wave if you looked in a certain way—but just, plain, honest, truth-telling looking-glasses.

You come swinging home from school, or from a game of tennis feeling so jolly and sort of pleased with yourself. You know the soft Windsor tie at your collar takes its color from your eyes and hat, and that your smart English wool stockings are just right for your slim brown oxfords. You've an idea that Mrs. Barrows might be saying to the guest on her front porch, "That attractive, jolly looking girl is Susie Smith." (You being Susie Smith, you understand!) Of course, you really don't think just that, but you do feel so cocky that you smile and wave at every one you meet. And then you run up the steps and into the hall and come face to face with yourself in a full length mirror.

"Lawd-a mercy me, this can't be I!" The old woman in the Mother Goose rhyme was not more horrified than you!

A long lock of hair straggles unbecomingly over one eye, your hat has slipped back to a gawky angle, and your skirt has twisted itself around until the pleats are all in the wrong places. And you had been feeling so debonair and sprightly!!

There is nothing to do

but grin about it—and it is funny. So you pull your skirt in place and smooth your hair and straighten your hat for a moment before taking it off—little things, but what a difference—and on every step as you go up-stairs you make a good resolution to take a last look in the looking-glass next time before you go out.

Of course, there is nothing so irritating—nor in such bad taste—as the girl who is always looking to get a glimpse of herself in a glass, and pulling at her hair or adjusting her blouse, or powdering her nose.

"Always a prinkin'," our old Aunt 'Liza used to say, "an' er lookin' eroun ter catch a sight er demselves twel dey misses all de fun dere is. Efen dey was up an' comin' dey'd do dere prinkin' first."

We, all want to be the "up an' comin'" kind, and I'm sure most of you are. But do you know I've noticed that you have to be just as good a sport about clothes as you do about paddling a canoe or taking care of yourself in camp so you won't get sick and be a nuisance? And it takes just about as much thought and planning as building a council fire. You know how you put in the fine dry stuff first and then make a little tepee of heavier sticks and a log cabin of the big pieces of even length, carefully put up so it won't fall down. After you've made one once or twice it's quite easy and you have a beautiful fire right off. It's the same way with clothes. If you practice dressing carefully you soon become so deft that you can be ready for school in almost no time.

Of course, if we are going to be good sports ourselves in dressing, we must have clothes that will stand by us. And that is something of a problem. So we went to the fashion designer of the Butterick Pattern Company, and said, "We want a school and play frock for the Girl Scouts—one that will be pretty and practical, one that will be just as good a sport as the girl that wears it." The fashion designer thought a while, then showed us the dress that is pictured here.

It is a straight little frock that you can either bring in at the waist with elastic, or let hang loose and belt with a little leather belt or one of the same material. There are pockets in the skirt and a nice little extra one in the waist just above the belt where a watch pocket would be. Best of all there is a pattern from which you can make it yourself—with pictures of how to lay the pattern on the material so that you just can't go

(Continued on page 37)

Enter our Mystery Contest

The first mystery

The prize to be awarded—what it is will remain a mystery until the contest is decided.

The second mystery

Who will be the winner of the contest? The girl who writes the best letter telling our Fashion Lady whether you wish to have her write regularly for your magazine. If so, what do you wish her to write about—camp clothes, party dresses, masquerade costumes, hats, care of the hair? Or about other things?

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Ra-nok Outwits the Wolves

(Continued from page 6)

Koo-lee chipped them a little so that they would all lean toward the inside of the igloo. As the snow walls rose up about them, the builders' task became increasingly difficult, for they were forced to pick up each heavy chunk and hand it to the white man, outside.

To do his part, the doctor was forced to lean heavily against the wall which seemed to him fragile and unsafe. As a matter of fact, his weight actually served to tighten and press together the layers of snow blocks. At last the walls were finished, but there remained the key block. Following the girls' directions, the man hoisted a block of snow to the top of the dome and chipped its sides till it fitted its place and the igloo was finished.

While her companions filled in the crevices with soft snow, Ra-nok cut a small doorway through the wall. The moment Ra-nok's head and shoulders poked through the opening, the dogs set up a howl, for this was a sign to them that feeding time was near.

Next morning the little cavalcade was up and away, with the first streak of dawn. Curving slightly to the south, by nightfall the trail brought them again to the sea.

But now, instead of calling the dogs to halt and throwing up the usual snow house, Ra-nok urged on her team, with gruff shouts. For Ra-nok and Koo-lee had heard distant sounds which brought a dread message—wolves were on their trail. Not the grey wolves of the timberlands but the lean, white-coated wolves of the barrens. Ra-nok and Koo-lee had met these enemies before and knew that as long as they themselves kept moving, they would be comparatively safe. The dogs, scenting their hereditary foes, kept looking back over their shoulders and growling through bared fangs.

Yet some place must be found for the night's rest. The dogs could not go on, indefinitely. As they dashed along the boulder-strewn coast line, Ra-nok kept sharp lookout for some large rock or crag against which they might make safe shelter. By the time she and Koo-lee had found this rock, the wolves were closing in behind them. They could see the dark figures drifting across the plain like clouds of driven snow, fierce eyes blazing in the half-light.

Overturning the sled some six feet

from the base of the great rock and leaving the dogs in their traces, Ra-nok and Koo-lee prepared camp. But as the wolves drew in closer and the Eskimo girls noted their strength, they knew that a fire was the only sure protection. Yet how build a fire? With the sled—it was their only fuel!

With firm-set lips, the girls tore apart the sled. The handles were the first to go into the fire; then the top-boards; then every third cross-piece. Toward morning, even the runners went, one after another. The doctor, watching the silent girls, gave up all hope of a safe return. Yet he did not flinch. The silent, brave Eskimo girls should not be burdened with his fear.

It was a full hour after dawn before the wolves drifted off into the horizon, leaving the girls and the doctor stranded upon the trail, miles from anywhere, with six lean dogs and the ashes of a sled. Had Ra-nok and Koo-lee not been Eskimo girls, they might have flown into a panic. But being of the wild northland, they popped chunks of frozen meat into their mouths and prepared to meet the new situation. Motioning to the doctor, they led him toward the boulder-strewn beach.

A mile from the camp, half buried in snow and ice, lay the clean picked skeleton of a great Right Whale. Ra-nok had discovered it there on a casual visit during the summer, just past, little thinking at the time that it would eventually be the means of saving their lives. But now Ra-nok, with the practical ingenuity of her kind, actually proposed building a sled from the bones of this whale.

Pen cannot describe the back-breaking labor of those next few hours. The whale was frozen into the ice and the bones required the Hammer of Thor to smash them apart. Working with spear and knives, the white doctor and the Eskimo girls labored on without cessation. The runners of the sled were fashioned from two of the large middle ribs, curving back and front. The crosspieces, made from other ribs and hacked in two, were bored through with the sharp point of a broken bone and lashed to the runners by means of raw hide lashings. It was an ingenious craft, responding readily to the pull of the dogs.

Steadily then they bore to the north

and the land of the Yellowknives. Twice the hollows of the north were emptied of their storms and the travelers were overtaken and well nigh smothered by fierce gales. The trail was desperately hard to break. The crust, cracking into huge cakes with every step, fell over the girls' snowshoes so that they lifted ton weights. The doctor, eager to do his share, ran ahead with Koo-lee, that the task of the dogs might be the lighter. But his courage was greater than his powers of endurance and soon Ra-nok and Koo-lee dragged his half-unconscious form to the sled.

Two days later, Kam-ba (meaning ptarmigan) chief of the Yellowknives, worried over the delayed arrival of the expected doctor, looked out across the drifts of Lac des Outards and shook his head. The world was lost in a whirlwind of driving snow.

Suddenly, during a lull in the mighty wind, something black loomed for an instant in the whiteness. But the storm fiends swooped down again and Kam-ba could not see his hand before him. Then, as the winds once more slackened, he saw the thing again—the figures of two Eskimo girls, tramping, toiling ahead of lean, limping dogs dragging a sled, the like of which the Yellowknife had never before seen.

Kam-ba said no word. Blind from a mass of snow plastered over her face and weary to death with the drag of the trail, Ra-nok staggered in. Koo-lee's hood was frozen fast to her shoulders so that she could not turn her head. Foot by foot, they approached the silent Yellowknife. A pace or two from him, they swerved aside to let the dogs go by.

"Ah, ah."

At the hoarse command, the weary beasts sank to the snow at the Indian's feet and Kam-ba saw the eyes of the white doctor peering at him from the extraordinary sled.

"Pio-vok," (*It is good*) said Ra-nok through cracked lips. "The white doctor calls on the chief of the Yellowknives."

This journey made history in that land. And the other Eskimo girls, proud that their sex should have performed so valorous a deed, dressed Ra-nok and Koo-lee in suits of glove leatherned fawnskin and sang soft syllabled words of their glory and bravery.



Books You Will Enjoy

By Mrs. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE BOOK OF WINTER SPORTS, by J. C. Dier. The Macmillan Company.

This book comes at the opportune, the psychological moment when skating rinks are opening and there is the promise of snow in the air. It is the compilation of practical articles on various forms of winter sports ranging all the way from sledging on the Nevsky Prospekt to the construction of home-made ice scooters for our own lakes and rivers.

The chapters are all interesting and illuminating, filled with advice on definite details. For example, the construction of an ice-boat from materials "in the house," of toboggans and ice runs, of the art of skating and even of waltzing on the ice. All these and other matters are set forth with such clearness that one could almost learn by sitting in one's easy chair and concentrating on the directions. Speed seems to be the thing, the ideal in winter sports; every device known is employed to further it. Speed, speed, and still more speed—on the land, on the sea, in the air, and under the sea and now finally on the ice.

Fortunately everybody in all countries with the proper climate is learning more and more to enjoy the "long and cruel winter." The old New England idea set forth in *Snow Bound* of keeping to the house is a thing of the past.

It isn't necessary to be in Switzerland or the Adirondacks nowadays to enjoy winter sports. Do buy this book with some of your Christmas money and learn how to enjoy snow and ice.

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOOK OF VERSE. The Century Co. Has been compiled by Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Skinner and beautifully illustrated by W. O. Berger.

All the poems are taken from the St. Nicholas Magazines of the past forty-nine years—hence the book is a peculiarly suitable Golden Jubilee. It really represents the kind of verse

that has appealed to children for half a century. It will please the boys and girls and will delight fathers and mothers who were brought up on St. Nicholas.

VANDEMARK'S FOLLY and THE HAWKEYE, by Herbert Quick. The Bobbs Merrill Co.

NORTH OF 36, by Emerson Hough. Appleton.

This kind of novel and other pioneer books are appearing more and more frequently. Our young people will read them and learn, in the most attractive ways, the history of their country. Mr. Quick writes of early days in Iowa; and in *North of 36* by the late Emerson Hough (Appleton) the beginnings of life on the cattle ranges are set forth in a thrilling manner. Mr. Hough's book has an eighteen year old heroine who manages both the steers and the cowboys.

FIGHTING WESTWARD, by Aline Havard. Scribner's,

is the first volume of a series designed especially for young people. It deals with the settlement of the west and the great north-west and might be read before you see *The Covered Wagon*. The story opens just as one of the caravans of the forties enters the dangerous territory, on the march toward Oregon. The experiences of the Henry family and particularly of Ruth with the formidable and terrifying Indians are thrilling.

Some of the Christmas money must certainly be spent on Caroline M. Hewins new book *A Traveler's Letters to Boys and Girls*. I have read it with delight. Any Travel Study Club would enjoy it. Miss Hewins has charge of the Young People's Library in Hartford, Connecticut, and though you are not all fortunate enough to be under her guidance you can have a liberal education if you do all the reading suggested in this marvelous book of travel.

LAND AND SEA TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday Page & Co.

This is Mr. Kipling's first book for young people since *Rewards and Fairies*. It has all the charm and thrilling adventure of *Kim* and *Stalky*. Indeed, it contains another adventure of *Stalky*.

CHRISTMAS STORIES, by Jacob Riis. The Macmillan Company.

These stories all deal with Christmas among the poor. *Christmas in a Snow Shed* and *Christmas in the Tenements* give one an idea of the character of these very Christmasy stories.

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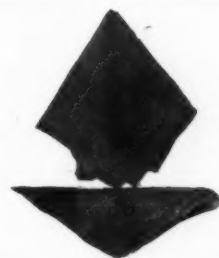
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Find Your Own Hero

By DARE STARK McMULLIN



Did you go to see *The Covered Wagon*? The picture of the prairie-schooner train, and the forty-niners who drove over the Oregon trail in ox-wagons, carrying and shooting their food, fighting prairie fires, beating off Indians, swimming rivers, traveling days and weeks and months in dust over a roadless wilderness, setting a frontier a thousand miles over? When you do you will bring away two wishes, I think—one that you could have been in that caravan, feeling the thrill of each day's new start, or next best that you could have known at least one of those pioneers.

Of course you can read about it in books, but think how wonderful if you had a pioneer right in your own family and could pull up the footstool to the fire and just listen, and ask your own questions, and live over those days to your heart's content. And it would be almost as pleasant for the teller—a bright-eyed young Scout to re-awaken all those high memories. Don't you hope that all their grandchildren and great-grandchildren loved to sit and listen as much as we would have?

And yet I wonder if they did! You know that I live at one end of the covered-wagon trail, and only some seventy-odd years away from it in time, and I have never heard a single story of it outside a book? It makes you want to advertise in the paper: "Wanted: genuine pioneer or informed descendant to talk to eager listener." Because even in this young state the pioneer days are slipping out of sight so desperately quickly, and our chances for catching those stories are going with them.

But I wonder if you will think of

something else—that is true of you as an American, and equally true, I think, of no other Scouts in the world. That no matter where you live in this country you have either a covered wagon or something like it in your close past. Either your people came across the water or the land while it was an adventure and every one of you has pioneer and settler blood in you. I think that is a thrilling thing to remember, one of the real and proper bases for family pride. Some one behind every one of you took his courage in his hand and came to a new world to build himself—and you—a home. We all have a common spirit back of us, haven't we, whether it was your great-great grandmothers who experimented on roast turkey for Thanksgiving day, or my grandmothers who rode sidesaddle, with a silk bonnet tied under her chin, on a mule across the Isthmus of Panama.

But—and if you are a thorough Scout and have to say no to this you will be properly ashamed, and get busily to work—are you sure you know who your pioneer was? Do you know your own pioneers' names, and where they came from and when and why and where they later moved across America? And if it was a long time ago, and you have any old records and letters and books in the family, have you read them? Have you any aunts and grandmothers or fathers who know the old stories of your own family and have you listened to them? If some one asked you suddenly the names of your parents to three generations back—could you do it?

When I was little and had to study history, we drew interminable little upside-down trees—looking like the plan of a mine and hung all the kings of England on them—laboring to get the right numbers of Marys and Henrys and Jameses (how I used to wish for a Percival or two!) hung under the right William. Goodness, how glad I was to get into an American school, and have nice clean tidy American presidents, with only a middle name and no descendants.

It is great fun to make a tree up backwards, when all the people are your own uncles and aunts and cousins, back—if you can—to your own covered-wagon pioneer. Try it sometime, some winter night on the family table, with all the advice you can get from the oldest one in the family. Who knows, you may get back to some one you want to be just like,—and since Scouts grow by finding one hero, or heroine, after another—wouldn't it be thrilling to find yours right in your own past?

The Big Play of Your Year

(Continued from page 16)

the Wicked Fairy. 2. The Christening of the Princess. 3. In the Princess' Garden. 4. The Coming of the Prince. There were fifty in the original cast but twenty may be used by doubling. Runs about one hour. Many dances introduced. Copies may be obtained from Mrs. Wallace, 235 S. Lexington Ave., White Plains, New York, at \$5.00 a copy which includes the royalty.

HELGA AND THE WHITE PEACOCK, by Cornelia Meigs. A delightful fairy play. Eight characters. Three acts. One interior, one exterior. The story is of Helga, the little human child, stolen from earth in infancy by the Spider Woman, grandmother of all the Trolls, and kept as a drudge in the House of the Trolls. The Trolls have no pleasure in their life, no souls, and know of nothing but toil from morn to night. Helga can still remember the other life and longs to get out into the world again. She can be rescued only by one who loves her enough to follow her all across the world. In spite of the evil machinations of the Spider Woman, through the courage of Olaf, her brother, who is aided by the Grey Goose and the Peacock, Helga is at last rescued from her dreary bondage. The bars across the window through which Helga had looked longingly at the "wide, green, beautiful world" had seemed to be of steel, but proved to be only spider's webs which could not hold when the Spider Woman's spell was broken. The play is beautifully written and the little volume contains many fine

illustrations (photographs from the production as given by the Poughkeepsie Children's Community Theatre), also a very helpful appendix of Hints to Producers. Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, price \$1.00.

THE PEDDLER OF HEARTS, by Gertrude Knevels. A full evening play including young people from the age of nine to twenty years. Twenty-one speaking parts and at least ten extras. The elves and children of the village may be played by the Brownies. Two exterior scenes. A most delightful folk play. The wicked elves who live near the village of Herzimwald, have threatened to ruin the Mortals who have dared build within the borders of their home. The happiest day of the year, the one on which the beautiful daughter of the Burgomaster is betrothed to the Prince, the Elf-King disguised as a Peddler of Hearts, comes to the market place and tricks the people into giving up their good, wholesome hearts for gilded baubles which he sells them. The Goose-Girl, the only Villager who has kept her heart, courageously goes into the heart of the forest and through her bravery and the bravery of Rudolf, the bag containing the hearts of the villagers is rescued and the people of Herzimwald are happy once more. Music for the songs and dances as well as detailed descriptions of the costumes are given with the play. Walter Baker & Co., 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts, price 25 cents.



your town where you buy your equipment?

There are 116 such shops throughout the country, and later we hope to show you pictures of many of them. So watch for a new department in an early issue—"The Way in Scoutville."

This is a Corner of the Girl Scout Shop

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Here the Girl Scouts of Brooklyn buy their official equipment. Have you a shop in

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Send a two-cent stamp for our new catalogue describing thousands of plays.

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SAMUEL FRENCH

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Did you know that Mary Roberts Rinehart, Josephine Daskam Bacon, and Admiral Sims have written about Scouting?

These and many other pamphlets and posters are on sale at National Headquarters. They will be of great assistance to your Local Council in furthering the cause of Scouting in your community. Order from this list.

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	Size	Price Each	Price Per 100		Series No.	Price Each	Price Per 100
Girl Scout Poster, by Lester Ralph				Why I Believe in Scouting for Girls	10	2c	\$1.50
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Heavy Printing Paper, "Reprint Literary Digest"				One of Uncle Sam's Assets	4a	2c	1.50
Jingle Poster				Girl Scouts — Their Works, Ways and Plays	5	5c	4.00
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Child Welfare Poster				Why Scouting for Girls Should Interest College Women	16	5c	4.00
Set of eight			6.85	Girl Scout Councils, Their Organization and Control	17	15c	12.50
Single Poster			1.00	Community Service for Girl Scouts	18	15c	12.50

Girl Scout Drive Buttons, \$15.00 per M

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New York City

A CALIFORNIA SCOUT SAID THIS

Captain: "In what direction does water flow?"

Girl Scout (eagerly because she knows she knows): "Forward."

FROM ANOTHER CALIFORNIA SCOUT

Girl Scout (at the top of a high hill): "There! My heart never beat once all the way up!"



Of Special Interest to All Girl Scouts

*Awards made November
and December, 1923*

BRONZE LIFE SAVING AWARD
Evelyn Denham, Tr. 4, Memphis, Tenn.

SILVER LIFE SAVING AWARD
Genevieve Blumenstein, Tr. 1, Wellman, Ia.

GOLDEN EAGLETS
Ella Graff, Tr. 145 Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sinclare Norton, Tr. 2, Rome, Ga.
Isabella Lockwood, Tr. 24, Jersey City, N. J.
Frances Lockwood, Tr. 24, Jersey City, N. J.
Barbara Follansbee, Tr. 24, Jersey City, N. J.
Agnes Sailer, Tr. 1, Englewood, N. J.

MEDALS OF MERIT

Goldie Stewart, Tr. 11, Columbus, O.
Bernice Fick, Tr. 4, Terre Haute, Ind.
Miriam Clarke, Tr. 6, Duluth, Minn.
Esther Johnson, Tr. 6, Duluth, Minn.
Capt. Wilhelmine Oetjen, Tr. 120, Manhattan, N. Y.
Mildred Elrod, Tr. 7, San Diego, Calif.
Laurene Wyatt, Tr. 3, Meadville, Pa.
Elizabeth Mott, Tr. 135, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Celida Howard, Tr. 18, Rochester, N. Y.
Ruth Tedford, Tr. 1, Glens Falls, N. Y.
Katherine Perry, Tr. 46, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tessie Giannini, Tr. 20, San Diego, Calif.
Edna Carston, Tr. 18, Atlanta, Ga.
Frances Graves, Tr. 24, San Diego, Calif.
Helen Rittenhouse, Tr. 24, San Diego, Calif.
Genevieve Kirk, Tr. 4, Iowa City, Ia.
Elizabeth Wynkoop, Tr. 2, New Brunswick, N. J.
Helen Montalvo, Tr. 2, New Brunswick, N. J.
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Anna Lemon, Tr. 3, Tallahassee, Fla.
Varina Bower, Tr. 3, Tallahassee, Fla.
Helen Atkinson, Tr. 6, Tallahassee, Fla.
Lillian Robertson, Tr. 1, Tallahassee, Fla.
Frances Aurandt, Tr. 5, Tulsa, Okla.
Muriel Dyhrman, Tr. 4, Duluth, Minn.
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AMERICAN MADE



Makers of the Famous "Ulster Brand"

Camping With "The Covered Wagon"

(Continued from page 8)

halted by an Indian arrow which struck her in the breast, thus saving her for Will Banion whom she really loved. The Indians attacked at day-break.

Lois remembers these scenes because it was bitter cold and the company worked all night. The night was very, very black around that pioneer camp, except when Mr. Cruze ordered the arc lights turned on. These arc lights were connected with three big dynamo trucks that could be moved all about the valley. Lois was dressed in a low necked, short sleeved taffeta wedding dress with only a veil upon her head and she worked all night without a coat. But she was not so cold! Under that queer taffeta skirt, she had on high boots and woolen stockings and knickerbockers. (The wedding dress skirts were so long that no one who sees the picture can detect the knickerbockers.)

When the pioneers bound for Oregon reached the River Platte, in the old days they had to swim their horses and oxen and cattle across. It was a great undertaking to try to reproduce such a scene but Mr. Cruze did so. For the River Platte, he used the lake that lay in the valley near the camp. It was not necessary to drive every covered wagon of the train into the water, of course. But dozens of them were floated across—while 'way up on the bluff across the lake, a motion picture camera was recording it all. One cameraman floated over in a covered wagon, too, so that he could make "close up" pictures of the swimming horses and herd of cattle.

A great many people think these fording pictures the most thrilling in *The Covered Wagon*. But I like another part of the picture best. I wonder whether it is your favorite part, too? I like the scenes that show the great train of wagons plodding its way through the dust and sagebrush, stretching out as far as the eye can see over the wild, wild valley.

This is the part that brings a lump to my throat and makes me thrill to be an American. Perhaps one reason for the lump is because my own grandfather, who himself crossed the plains in a covered wagon, used to hold me on his lap when I was a little girl, and tell me about it all. He sang to me, too, the very songs of the pioneers.

At Troop Meetings this Winter Sing Girl Scout Songs

Be prepared for camp next summer by learning Girl Scout songs this winter. Then your troop can sing out full and clear above the rest around the campfire. You will all know the words and music. You will sing on the key. And it will be such fun this winter, too.

Songs

America, the Beautiful	\$0 05	Girl Scout Song Sheet.	\$0.04
Enrollment	.10	<i>Lots of 10 or more</i>	.03
Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15	Goodnight	.15
First National Training School	.25	Oh, Beautiful Country	.05
Girl Guide	.60	On the Trail:	
Girl Scouts Are True.	.15	<i>Piano Edition</i>	.60
Girl Scout Songs		<i>Midget Size</i>	.05
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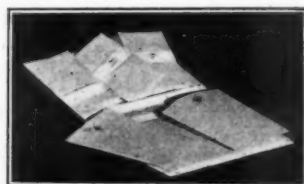
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100 all different Greece Stamps
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LEON MINASSIAN
P. O. Box 5, Sta. 1
New York City

Dear me, here I am at the end of my story and I haven't told you a thing about the morning Lois awakened to find herself snowed in, and how she had to be shoveled out before she could make herself a snow man. The other day, when I saw her and told her I was writing the story of Camp Cruze for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, she gave me, especially for you, a picture of the snow man she made that morning. "And good luck to the Girl Scouts," she said.

Yes, there is much more to tell. But then, I might as well stop now, for I suppose I shall forever be remembering things which I might have told you and didn't. When the picture making was completed and they were breaking camp at Camp Cruze, all agreed that they had been



Your Letters, too,

can have a touch of Scouting if you write them on Girl Scout stationery. One quire of paper with envelopes. Excellent quality linen paper, cream color, stamped in brown with the official drawing of the Girl Scout running.

Only 50 cents.

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playing pioneers so long that they felt quite as though they, themselves, had been the first to cross the wilderness in covered wagons.



25¢ for complete stove
Wonderful for winter evenings

This Sterno Stove just the thing to entertain friends, make candy, tea, etc. Cooking breakfast, lunches, suppers. Does anything any store could do, boil, fry, broil, heat soup, curling and flat-iron. No smoke, smell or dirt. Stove folds flat, weighs 8 oz.

Sold by dealers everywhere or direct. Send this Ad. and 25c to Sterno Corp., 9 East 37th St., New York City, Dept. 104, and we will send complete stove, handy extinguisher and can of Sterno Canned Heat prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Send now while offer lasts.

Sterno
Canned Heat



After Skating Always Do This

Rub your skates dry. Then go over all of the metal surface with a soft cloth moistened with a little 3-in-One.

Steel is porous. 3-in-One penetrates the pores of the metal, forming a protective coating that successfully resists the action of moisture. Rust cannot form if you use

3-in-One

The High Quality Oil

Keeps the metal parts of ice skates bright--new-looking. Preserves the sharpness of the runners. Try it.

Also oil the clamps and screws with 3-in-One. Then they'll work just right.

Roller skating, too, is better fun if you oil the rollers with this good oil. It cuts out all dirt--makes them run marvelously light and easy. Never collects dust from floor or walk, as heavy, greasy oils do.

3-in-One is sold at all stores in 50c, 25c, 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans. Read the 3-in-One Dictionary (wrapped around each bottle) for many other valuable uses.

FREE You can have a generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses--both **FREE**--for the asking.
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Our Contributors

The Girl Scouts of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, their Captains, their Local Directors, and their Commissioners are, indeed, Associate Editors of this issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL. The pictures, the stories, the articles

which they sent us have brought us all a keen sense of the joy of living in their beautiful part of America.

We wish that you all might personally know our Scouts and their leaders in these, our Northern States. MARJORIE EDGAR has been active in Scouting for many years and has brought us all many lovely things, not least of which is her delight in nature, her appreciation of ballads and folk lore, and her belief in what girls can do.

MARGARET CROSS, Local Director in Eveleth, Minnesota, can not only write of Paul Bunyan but can herself tell these tall tales around a camp-fire. MRS. BESS BLY, who illustrated Paul Bunyan for us, is a Captain in St. Paul. ZYLPHA L. SHARPE, Local Director in Duluth, must have gone on many a winter picnic to write of it so vividly.

GENEVIEVE BAYLE (called "Pete" by all her friends) is the seventeen-year-old Patrol Leader of Troop 1, Grand Marais, in the far northeastern corner of Minnesota. Grand Marais looks out on Lake Superior and the Scouts there have many a good time cooking lunches on the high rocks above the harbor. North of the town is the great National Forest with its lakes that lead by many canoe routes to the Canadian border.

Last August, when the National Scout camp came to this part of the forest and the Scout officers spent two weeks on Hungry Jack Lake, Genevieve joined them and was one of the three under-age girls at the camp, as she is studying to be a Lieutenant. She acted as guide to the two canoeing trips taken by the campers, for

she knows the Forest, its lakes and portages, and is a thorough woodsman.

JANET NOLAN, who is a Second Class Scout in St. Paul, makes us sigh for nothing quite so much as for that Junior Red Cross Life Saving Emblem! And OLIVE CROCKER of Minneapolis and MABEL RYKUS of Mankato, Minnesota, make us wish to visit their camps, do they not?

Besides these Scout workers who have written for our magazine, there are others without whom this issue could not have been published: RUTH SAMPSON, Local Director of Minneapolis; MARGARET BAILEY, Local Director of St. Paul; SELMA HELGER of the Scout office, St. Paul, formerly of Aitkin, Minnesota; MRS. A. JUHRE, Commissioner of St. Paul; MISS GERTRUDE ROBINSON, Commissioner of Duluth; LORETTA O'CONNOR, formerly of International Falls, Minnesota, now of Escanaba, Michigan. MARION WOOD of Eveleth, Minnesota, has written a charming fairy tale dramatization which will appear in a forthcoming issue of our magazine. And Mrs. Juhre's famous *Outdoor Cooking Recipes* are to have a special place of their own. Watch for them.

ROBERT FROST, one of America's finest poets, has just written a new book, *New Hampshire* (Henry Holt, publishers), in which you will find the poem, *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*. Mr. Frost has written us, "Of course, I shall be only too glad to have my poem used so kindly. . . . With best wishes for your magazine." The lovely snow picture above Mr. Frost's poem was sent us by Zylpha Sharpe of Duluth.

WILLIAM MACMILLAN lives in Canada, on the St. Lawrence River.

"Since I am in the fur business," he tells us, "I am intensely interested in the life and lore of the Eskimo people. I have sat at the feet of Captain Bernier, the intrepid Arctic explorer, and have listened to Captain Hearn speak of life among the brown faced people of the sea. It was during one of these chats that *Ra-nok* was born."

You will be interested to know that the linoleum cuts made by NANCY COCHRAN for *Ra-nok* were designed and executed according to the method described in November.

Welcome to BETTY SHANNON, whose story about Strongheart in our September issue so many of you enjoyed. She is writing another fascinating moving picture story for us.



Genevieve Bayle
"Pete"
in Scout language

For Your Fairs and Bazaars

SELL CANDY FOR US

Liberal profits. 30 days in which to send us our share of the proceeds. Express prepaid from Fitchburg, Mass., to any point in U. S. east of Syracuse, N. Y., and north of Philadelphia, Penna. Liberal express allowances elsewhere. Candy absolutely fresh. Shipments usually same day order is received. **FOR MIDDLE WEST:** We have special assortments to ship from Chicago, Ill., prepaid for approximately 300 miles.

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For information write

CHARLES R. DAVIS

184 Ward Street, Newton Center, 59, Mass.

This Side of the Looking-Glass

(Continued from page 28)

wrong, and directions for binding the pockets and finishing the neck. If you are fifteen or over, the number of the pattern you will wish to use is 4797. But if you are small for your age or younger than fourteen, get number 4666, which is almost the same style, but designed for younger figures. You can buy it where Buterick patterns are sold, forty cents for 4797, thirty-five cents for 4666.

Can't you see it in blue serge with the pockets and neck bound in red, with a little red patent leather belt, or in brown jersey and tan, or in olive green with trimmings of a dull, lighter shade of green? Poiret twill is attractive too, and there is a new material called kasha cloth which is rough and soft, and very smart. The latter is rather expensive, however. Tan or gray on blue are lovely combinations, too, and a touch of wool embroidery would be charming. Do not use light weight cotton materials for this pattern, though, as they call for more fulness than it allows.

If you are slender, you may like a plaid. Of course, you won't wear plaids at all if you are roly-poly, or anything with lines going around, because cross lines make you look still broader. It is well for the plump ones to remember, too, not to wear conspicuous colors—use pipings of self color instead of red on the blue serge. Grosgrain ribbon is smart.

And for spring add a little over-collar of checked or white handkerchief linen or organdie—these are important little touches which mark your frock as yours.

"Are Girl Scouts Allowed to Sell Things?"

and

"What Then About the Advertisements in THE AMERICAN GIRL?"

Two Questions often asked and replies to both

To the first, Mrs. Frederick Edey says, "Our policy does not mean that Girl Scouts are not to sell anything at all to raise money for camp or other Scout plans. It is just this: that when you hold a sale, do so under supervision of your Captain with her to take charge of the money. Ask your Captain to read to you pages 8 and 9 of her Blue Book."

To the second question, Miss Alice Waller, our Business Manager, says, "Every advertisement appearing in THE AMERICAN GIRL, which suggests that Girl Scouts sell any article, advises you to do so in a group. In this way, our advertisements and the Girl Scout policy found in the Blue Book agree."



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Largest Catalog Issued—FREE
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Either pin illustrated made with any 3 letters and 2 figures, 1 or 2 colors enamel silver plate, 25¢ ea., \$2.50 doz. Sterling silver, 40¢ ea., \$4.00 doz. Write for catalog of sterling and solid gold pins and rings.
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This Pretty Wreath. Any Initial and full name in script type with indelible ink and pad for marking linen.

50 CENTS

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\$50 a Week I made it with small Mail Order Business. Booklet for stamp tells how. Sample and Plan 25c. 12 Mail order articles FREE. **ALGS SCOTT**, Cohoes, N. Y.



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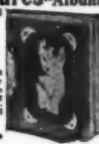
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(See page 27)

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ALL FOR 10c—1 set Airplane stamps, 10 blank approval sheets, 1 small pocket album, 1 stamp wallet, 250 hinges, perforation gauge and millimetre scale, 1 triangle stamp, packet rare stamps from Abyssinia, East Africa, Nyassa, Georgia, Turkey, etc., etc., and price lists—ALL FOR 10c and 2c postage to approval applicants only.

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Our Stamp Contest

By WILBUR F. CANNON



Last month we discussed the history of France, as found on the country's postage stamps. Here is illustrated one stamp in the set of three, of the new French stamps. These were issued during the summer of 1922. The design is a bust of Pasteur, the noted scientist.

The Girl Scout who writes the best article (of two—three hundred words) on the life of Pasteur and the reason why France honored him will, in addition to having her article published in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, be awarded a prize of a collection of one thousand postage stamps, all different, from many countries.

By "best" article, the judges will consider, neatness, the grammar used, the conciseness of your words and sentences, the facts given, and the age of the contestant. Write your articles on one side of the paper. State your name, address, age, how long and why you have collected stamps, how many you have in your collection.

This information should be written on the same piece of paper as your article, at its close. The encyclopedia will help you in your work. The contest closes February 1, 1924. The winning article, with the list of winners, will be published in the April issue.

In addition to the first prize of 1,000 different stamps, the following prizes will also be awarded: 1. Second prize: 98 different stamps, each from a different country. 2. Third, fourth, fifth and sixth prizes: three hundred different stamps. 3. Seventh to twelfth prizes: fifty varieties of postage stamps. This is a good start for a collection.

Each contestant will also receive a booklet *How To Collect Stamps*, if you send a stamped, return envelope. Start your article without delay and mail it as soon as possible, so that it will reach us before the close of the contest.

Send your article to

American Girl Stamp Contest

In care of Wilbur F. Cannon

1413 Carey Ave., Davenport, Iowa.

Dear Girl Scouts:

I am a Stamp Dealer as well as the writer and publisher of a very interesting book, *LOOKING BACKWARD or FRAGMENTS FROM A CHECKERED LIFE*. It is my life story, and a good book for young or old. Many pages are devoted to the *Delightful Stamp Hobby* and to my extensive travels abroad. You will enjoy this story of my early life, with its ups and downs. This fine 330-page book only \$2.00; \$1.80 to stamp dealers. Also sold on the installment plan, 50c down, \$1.50 within three months. Illustrated circular and four unused Austrian stamps free, for 2c postage.

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GIRLS—HERE'S A STARTER.

100 Different New Europe Stamps.....10c. pp. Stamps, many countries, on approval for reference, at 1c. 50 per cent discount, and net. All perfect, guaranteed genuine. Also for advanced collectors.

C. Lat. Wilhelm and Son
5209 Wilton Heights Av., Baltimore, Md.

Our Hike Contest Has Been Decided

(Continued from page 17)

The first Patrol, which was then composed of the oldest girls, started off half an hour before the rest of the troop. Both groups knew that they were to take the car to a certain station and when they got off, the fun began.

Patrol One was to blaze the trail for Patrols Two and Three, as the latter had no idea where they were to go. Every once in a while, the ones in the second groups would come across signs. Quite often they would find something like this: (Here Betty drew a sign from the first Blue Handbook that a printer can't imitate.) This means special directions hidden 5 paces in the direction of the arrow. Since these are no longer in the handbook, before starting, Troops could make up their own code signals.

When Patrol One arrived at the end, they gathered wood and started the fires so when Patrols Two and Three came in later, tired and hungry, their fires were already started. After eating kabobs, bacon on toast, etc., we all sat and rested and related some of our Scouting and camping experiences.

Then came the fun! Only five girls had passed their nature test, but were glad to help the others. The Captain gave us fifteen minutes to run around the woods and get as many different kinds of leaves as we could find and bring descriptions of the birds we saw. When the time was up we came in with our specimens. With the help of the Captain, lieutenant and the five girls who had already passed their tests, all specimens were properly identified. Needless to say, a number of girls were then ready to pass their nature test. Another feature of the hike was a water boiling contest.

All were sorry when it was time to go home, we had had such a successful day.

A Happy Hike

By JEAN SHEPARD

Dear Editor:

There are many, many ways that a hike may be made different, and more interesting than the usual thing, tho' I think that just a plain "ole hike" is a dandy thing.

The season of the year will suggest many diversions. In summer it is especially enjoyable to get up early in the morning, tramp to the swimming hole and take a cool plunge just as the sun is coming up. After this a hot breakfast, cooked over a real Scout fire, tastes best of all times.

Or even still better is to go out in the afternoon and swim in pleasantly warm water stained red by the disappearing sun. Follows a picnic supper, a discussion on any subject interesting to girls, mixed with songs and then the return home in the moonlight. This last I always love most. The silvery, smooth quiet seems to soothe me till I forget all the ills of the world and remember only the happy and pleasant things.

One of the best forms of amusement for almost any hike are races or contests. Hundreds and hundreds of varieties can be thought of by any girl. While cooking your meal, see who can build a

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GOOD STAMPS CHEAP FREE PREMIUM

Bargain approvals that will satisfy every collector. Ref. Please

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Girls! Hills' "Humdinger" Packet

contains 102 diff. stamps from Congo, Cochon, Bermuda, No. Borneo, etc.! Price only 12 cents to approval applicants sending reference. Special gift of perforation gauge, stamp wallet and small album free with each order. Supply limited, so act quickly!

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500 Wilde Street Drexel Hill, Pa.

LISTEN GIRLS

Try to find a post stamp from every country in the world.

I will send you 25 different countries for 25c.

FRED W. SHAUB

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Packet of 300 diff. varieties will be given free to all applicants purchasing \$1.00 worth or over of my 50% off approvals Packet of 300 var. for 35c.

JOHN CZERWIEC

43 Union Street Holyoke, Mass.

fire and have water boiling the quickest. More interesting is the preparation of the best meal without using any cooking utensils. A few suggestions for this are potatoes, eggs or corn rolled in mud, biscuits baked on sticks and meat cooked on wooden spits. Any Girl Scout would know worlds of other foods not mentioned here.

The funniest contest I ever participated in was on a hike along a lake. First, a prize was offered for the girl catching the most "crawdads" or crayfish. Keeping all that were found we hiked on till we came to a smooth place. There each girl picked out her liveliest animal, set him on the line and, at the word "go" allowed him to wander wherever he wished. At the end of five minutes the racer farthest away from the line was announced winner.

I wish the best of "Happy Hikes" to every girl of the world.



Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective January 1, 1924

Uniforms

	Size	Price		Size	Price		Size	Price
Long Coat.....	10-18	\$3.50	Khaki, heavy weight	34-42	\$15.00	blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black, and yellow.		
	38-42	4.00	Serge	34-42	37.50	Black Silk		\$2.00
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.50	Hats, Officer's	7½-8	3.50	Puttees, Women's sizes.....		3.00
	38-42	5.00	Hats, Scout.....	6½-8	1.50	Girls' sizes		2.00
Skirt	10-18	2.00	Canvas Leggings, Pair.....		1.00	Sweater—Slip-over type	34-40	6.50
	38-42	2.50	Web Belt	28-38	.60	Coat type	34-40	7.50
Bloomers	10-42	2.25	Leather for officers..	28-38	2.50	Waterproof Coats, sizes	10-20	7.00
Norfolk Suits—Officer's:			Middy—Official khaki ..	10-40	1.75	Waterproof Capes, sizes	10-20	7.00
Khaki, light weight.	34-42	7.00	Neckerchiefs, each40			
			Colors: Green, purple, dark					

Badges

x Attendance Stars			x * Life Saving Crosses			x Second Class Badge.....	\$0.15
Gold	\$0.20		Silver	\$1.75		x * Thanks Badge	
Silver15		Bronze	1.50		Heavy gold plate with bar..	3.00
x First Class Badge.....	.25		x * Medal of Merit.....	1.00		Gold Plate Pins.....	.75
x Flower Crests15		x Proficiency Badges15		Silver Plate75

Pins

x Brownie	\$0.25		x Lapels—G. S.—Bronze.....	\$0.50		Gold Filled (safety catch)..	\$0.75
x Committee75		x Tenderfoot Pins			New plain type.....	.15
x * Community Service25		10K Gold (safety catch)....	3.00		Old style plain pin.....	.08
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50						

Insignia

x Armband	\$0.15		x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.	\$0.20		x Lapels—G. S., for Scouts....	\$0.20
x Corporal Chevron10		x Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat)50		x Patrol Leader's Chevron....	.15
Cuff Links, pair.....	1.25						

Songs

America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05		Girl Scout Songs			On the Trail:	
Enrollment10		Vocal Booklet	\$0.10		Piano edition	\$0.60
Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15		Piano Edition.....	.30		Midget Size05
First National Training School	.25		Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04		Lots of 10 or more.....	.02
Girl Guide60		Lots of 10 or more.....	.03		Onward10
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15		Goodnight15		To America25
			Oh, Beautiful Country.....	.05		Be Prepared. Girl Guide Song	.35

Flags

American Flags			(x) Troop Flags (continued)		(x) Troop Pennants	
Size	Material	Price		Price		Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.70	Flag Set	\$1.25	Lettered with any Troop No..	\$1.50
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50	Includes:		Staffs	
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50	1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed		1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral	
3x5 ft.	8½ inches	4.50	6-ft. Staff		G. S. Emblem....	\$6.50
(x) Troop Flags			1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy		1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.	4.90
Size	Material	Price	web carrying case		1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.	3.40
2x3 ft.	Wool..	\$2.50	Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not		G. S. Emblem—separate.....	3.60
2½x4 ft.	Wool..	4.00	jointed60	Eagle Emblem—separate	2.50
3x5 ft.	Wool..	5.50	Semaphore Flags (extra), per		Spear Emblem—separate	1.50
4x6 ft.	Wool..	8.00	pair75	Flag Carrier.....	2.50

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price		Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Patrol Register, each	\$0.15
* Blue Book of Rules25	Patrol System for Girl Guides25
Campward Ho!75	Play (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)15
Captain's Field Notebook	1.25	In lots of 10 or more10
First Aid Book—		Post Cards—	
General Edition50	Set of six10
Woman's Edition25	1 dozen sets	1.00
Girl Guide Book of Games50	Single cards02
Health Record Books, each10	Posters—	
Per dozen	1.00	Girl Scout poster (large)25
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover	1.00	Girl Scout poster (small)10
Flexible Cloth Cover75	Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters	6.85
English Girl Guide75	Single copies, each	1.00
* Introductory Training Course15	Signal Charts15
Measurement Cards05	Lots of 10 or more10
Ye Andrée Logge75	Scout Mastership	1.50
A Girl Scout Pageant50	Troop Management Course75
<i>Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard.</i>		Troop Register	2.00
* Punched for Field Notebook.		Additional Sheets	
		Individual Record03
		Attendance Record03
		Cash Records, 603

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, with Sheath	\$1.50	Poncho (45x72)	\$3.25
Belt Hooks, extra05	" (60x82)	4.50
Blankets—		Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
4-pound Gray	6.00	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
3-pound Olive Drab	4.50	Rope, 4 ft. by 3/4 in.15
Bugle	3.50	Lots of 5 or more, each10
Braid—1/4-inch wide, yard10	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt50
x Buttons—Per set25	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard	4.75
10s—6 1 to set—dozen sets	2.75	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25
Camp Toilet Kit	2.25	Aluminum Case50
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	Scout Stationery50
Tin	1.50	Stockings, Wool, sizes 8-11	2.00
Compass, Plain	1.00	Cotton, sizes 8-1150
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Sun Watch	1.25
First Aid Kit with Pouch	1.25	Transfer Seals, 2 for05
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra50	Thread, Khaki spool15
First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.80	Per dozen spools	1.20
Flashlights, Small size	1.35	Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
Large size	1.65	Long Coat Uniform65
Handkerchiefs—		1 Long Coat Pattern	
With Girl Scout emblem:		1 Pair Lapels	} Give pattern size
Linen40	1 Spool of Thread	
Cotton25	1 Set of Buttons	
Haversacks, No. 1	2.75	Two Piece Uniform80
No. 2	1.50	1 Short Coat Pattern	
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair25	1 Skirt Pattern	} Give pattern size
x Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide35	1 Pair Lapels	
Heavy, for Officers 28 in. wide55	1 Spool of Thread	
Knives, No. 1	1.50	1 Set of Buttons	
No. 2	1.00	No make-up sets for middies and bloomers	
Mess Kit, No. 1 Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.50	Whistles20
Mirror—Unbreakable25	Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.50
Patterns—			
Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-4215		
Norfolk Suit, 34-4225		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

Girl Scout National Supply Department

189 Lexington Avenue, New York City



Rat-tat-tat! came the knocking, came the knocking at our chamber door. But a black bird did not hoarsely croak "Nevermore" at us, as we called, "Come in!" It was our good friend, Mrs. Newell, head of our National Field Department (your Captain will tell you all about what Mrs. Newell does, here at Headquarters).

"Here is some one I want you to meet," said Mrs. Newell, bringing into our office a young woman whose name, Mrs. Newell said, was Miss Ethel Sawyer. "Miss Sawyer is to be our Girl Scout Organizer in Porto Rico and she wishes to take back as many ideas for Scouting as she possibly can."

Porto Rico! Girls in Porto Rico, interested in what the Scouts in America are doing, themselves wishing to become Girl Scouts! "Ideas for programs, Miss Sawyer?" we asked. Miss Sawyer nodded. "For hikes?" we continued. "Yes, indeed," she said. "For camping?" "Exactly!"



"We have them," we cried, "in our Service File. Perhaps you think it looks just like any other file?" "Yet it is very different! Every Girl Scout and every Girl Scout Leader is helping to make that file," we went on proudly. For these drawers are filled with ideas for Scouting which our girls and their leaders have sent us."

Miss Sawyer pulled out one of the long drawers. "But surely," she said, "you haven't published all this in your magazine."

"No," we replied, very sadly, "we haven't been able to. If only we might have! But our girls understand. And even when they are disappointed not to see their pictures or their letters in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, they remember our Service File and how, through it, their plans and ideas are being passed on to help other Girl Scouts and their leaders."

This was the start of it. For ever so many days after, Miss Sawyer would run into our office and sit down before the Service File, there to read and to make notes in her notebook.

The girls in Porto Rico, those girls miles and miles away, who are interested

in what you are doing and who are eager to be splendid Girl Scouts—when Miss Ethel Sawyer goes to these girls not many weeks from now, it may be your very own program ideas which she will be carrying tucked away in her head or jotted down in her notebook, there to give to these new members of our Scout sisterhood.

And perhaps it is because we are an Editor that as Miss Sawyer came and went and as many others, too, visited our Service File (*your* Service File), we began to think of what a wonderful gift is the gift of words.



It is by means of words written and spoken, that we are all able to share in one another's Scout experiences. By means of words we can give service to sister Scouts thousands of miles away.

Because we have words, we may say together the Scout Law and feel again the inspiration of those ideals which draw thousands and thousands of girls in all parts of the world so closely together.

Without words, much of the loveliness and the beauty of each passing year would be lost. But with them as the glad bells of the New Year ring out, the heritage of other days lives on.

Anna Hempstead Branch, that American poet of whom we are all so proud, has beautifully written of this gift of words in one of her *Songs for My Mother* entitled, *Her Words*:

*God wove a web of loveliness,
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words.*

*They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings.*



Everywhere, along our trail, we find new gifts given to us through words. Down in the corner of a certain page of a New York newspaper is one such

gift. Next to the Weather Forecast, we find it, in a small boxed-off space. Coming upon it, we forget the noisy elevated train in which we are riding. Forget it, and are swiftly caught up and away into the outdoors that we love.

News outside the Door, it is called. And such, indeed it is: news of what is happening in tangled thickets, along country lanes. News such as your troop gathers upon your hikes.

Let some of you, reading this *News outside the Door*, wonder why we should publish it in a magazine where we have talked so much of winter sports, let us remind you of the Girl Scouts to whom "winter sports" mean swimming and overnight hiking, girls who, today, listened to your bird friends of last summer. Yes, we may even say this *News* is especially for our Girl Scouts who live in milder climate, their little corner in our Scout magazine!

"*News Outside the Door*—With tonight's full moon, camp-fires of Scouts, naturalists, gypsies and all nomads will compete in lighting rocky fastnesses all across the country. The Man-in-the-Moon looks benignly on blanketed forms about camp-fires. Gypsies say that Aku, moon-god of Assyria, whose sanctuary at Ur was called "house of the great light," throws brighter moonbeams along trails where hikers struggle back to camp.



"Aku, the illuminer, patron of nomads and wanderers in wild places, was called father of the gods, along the Euphrates in 2600 B. C. Campers on high tors sometimes see in the moonlight the transparent figure of an old man with flowing beard and a crescent in his hair, among the sumacs by crags over the valley.

"He is Aku, god of the gypsies and those who have wanderlust in their blood. He keeps the night damps away long after the camp-fire is whitened ashes."—J. ORIS SWIFT in *The New York World*.

Words—the gift of others to us, and our gift to them—our words in the New Year—what will they be? We are wondering this today as the Old Year bids us a lingering farewell.

Here is an Easy Way to Make Money for Your Troop

Sell the Famous Mason, Peter's and Nestle's Bars



A Fine, Rich and Satisfactory Milk Chocolate



Fresh Cocoanut, Vanilla and Bitter Sweet Chocolate

You Need No Capital to Start — We Allow You 30 Days Credit

All we ask is the names of two references. Order should be in the name of the captain.

Everybody likes candy. Friends and families of your troop would rather buy from you than from a store, for your candy will be fresh from the factory. Your girls can get their trade merely by asking for it and in this way they can build up a business that will bring in big profit for the troop fund.

When the case of candy reaches you (by express prepaid)—we suggest that you gather your troop together and work out together the details of selling it.

Thousands of churches, schools and societies have made big profits by selling our candy. You can do the same.

These are the assortments to choose from:

No. of Boxes	Selling Price	Cost to You Exp. prepaid	Profit
1—50	\$60.00	\$40.00	\$20.00
2—25	\$30.00	\$20.00	\$10.00
3—12	\$14.40	\$10.00	\$ 4.40



The order blank below gives the list of 5c and 10c sellers. Mark carefully the assortment you desire and mail order (without any money) to us today. The sooner you get started the quicker you will be making money. If there is any question you would like to ask before ordering, write us and we will give you our personal attention.

BYLUND BROTHERS, INC., Woolworth Bldg., New York City
CONFECTIONERS TO CHURCHES, SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES

ORDER BLANK

BYLUND BROTHERS, Woolworth Bldg., New York City.

Dear Sir:

Please send to me, express prepaid by Bylund Brothers, Inc., the assortment that I have marked. I agree to pay for this candy as soon as it is sold and not later than 30 days after its arrival.

Boxes	Description of Candy	Selling Price	No. Pieces in a Box
1—	Peaks—Fresh Cocoanut covered with Chocolate	5c	24
2—	Mason Mints—Peppermint Cream Pattie covered with Chocolate	5c	24
3—	Golden Fleece—Caramel, Fresh Cocoanut covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
4—	Toros—Toasted Peanuts covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
5—	Honey Bunch—Cocoanut, Raisins, Bran, Honey & Milk Chocolate	5c	24
6—	Khufu—Cocoanut Cream covered with Chocolate	5c	24
7—	Cherry Bomb—Crushed Cherries & Cream covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
8—	Mason Wints—Wintergreen Cream Pattie covered with Chocolate	5c	24
9—	Almond Nougat—Almond & Nougat covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
10—	Almond Parfait—Caramel & Marshmallow covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
11—	Black Crow—Box of Candy Drops with Licorice Flavor	5c	24
12—	Ban-Anna—Bananna Paste & Cream covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
13—	Masonilla—Marshmallow covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
14—	Trumps—Pineapple Jelly & Marshmallow covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
15—	Trumps—Pineapple Jelly & Marshmallow covered with Sweet Milk Chocolate	5c	24
16—	Nestle's Almond Bar—Toasted Almonds and Sweet Milk Chocolate	5c	24
17—	Peter's Milk Chocolate Bar	5c	24
18—	Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bar	5c	24
19—	Nestle's Milk Chocolate (in Glassine Paper Bags)	5c	24
20—	Nestle's Almond Bar (in Glassine Paper Bags)	5c	24
21—	Nestle's Almond Bar	10c	12
22—	Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bar	10c	12
23—	Peter's Milk Chocolate Bar	10c	12
24—	Peter's Almond Bar	10c	12

Total Price To You Express Prepaid is 80c a Box— Make Your Own Selection.

References—

Name—1 Address

Name—2 Address

Signature of Captain..... Address



Short Coat Suit



Long Coat

Which Style is Official for Your Troop?

The long coat or the short coat suit? Whichever style you desire can be had direct from National Headquarters. Get into uniform. Be trim and neat in your appearance at troop meetings, parades, and all activities where Girl Scouts turn out in a body. Order by size, and be sure to specify the official style for your troop. And order a hat and neckerchief, too, to make the uniform complete.

Long coat dress.....	Size 10 to 18.....	\$3.50
	Size 38 to 42.....	4.00
Short coat suit.....	Size 10 to 18.....	4.50
	Size 38 to 42.....	5.00
Hat.....	Size 6½ to 8.....	1.50
Neckerchief (for colors see price list).....		0.40

NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

189 LEXINGTON AVE.

NEW YORK CITY



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